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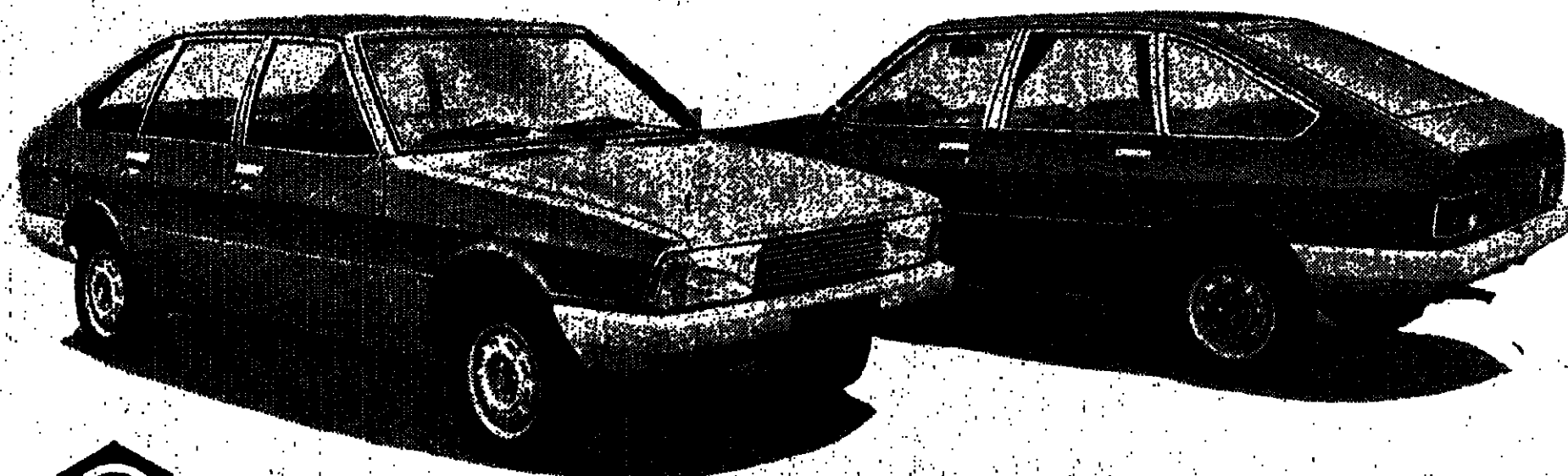
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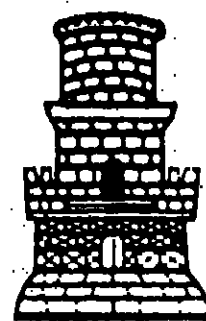
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"MIGDAL-BINYAN"—WITH YOU WHEREVER YOU GO

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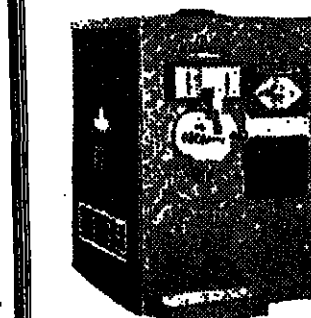
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PERSONAL HARMONY and inter-departmental cohesion are two traits of good government with which Mr. Begin has sought, not unsuccessfully, to imbue his administration. He and his ministers are often heard praising themselves and each other for the spirit of concord which, they say, now permeates the Cabinet and the top echelons of government. Each man devotes himself to his own office, and, while always ready to cooperate with a colleague, carefully avoids statements or actions that might trespass on another's terrain.

Perhaps the inside story is not always quite so idyllic. But so far we have certainly been spared the ugly public sparring that became the hallmark of the last Labour government.

Now, however, a serious confrontation threatens to erupt between two key figures in the administration: Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan and the Premier's Adviser on Information and Long-time friend and comrade-in-arms Shmuel Katz.

At the moment, the two sides are eyeing each other in silent suspicion. The result of their first engagement, three months ago, was a crushing defeat for Mr. Katz. But though routed he did not retire, and is now about to launch a bold flanking movement which, if successful, would utterly discomfit the Foreign Ministry. The Ministry, headed by that old campaigner Dayan and with wily warhorse Ephraim ("Eppy") Evron as its director-general, is not about to let itself be outflanked. A battle royal is in the offing.

The issue is *hasbara*. (The word is best translated "propaganda," but since that has a pejorative tinge, *hasbara* is often left untranslated.)

Shmuel Katz recalls the earlier clash with scarcely concealed bitterness. He lost it, he says, in *absentia* right at the outset.

"On May 20, Mr. Begin told Ma'ariv that he was sending someone to the U.S. to explain the Likud's policies. That same someone (who was me) would become Minister for Overseas Information (*Hasbarat Hutz*) in the new government.

"Then on May 26, Mr. Begin offered Dayan the Foreign Ministry.... He had left for America, Katz says, believing he was to become a fully-fledged minister with a ministry centring on the information department of the Foreign Ministry. But he returned to find Dayan firmly ensconced, and unwilling to relinquish any part of his new domain. And it was too late to challenge the new order of things.

KATZ STRESSES, with passionate earnestness, that his disappointment was neither personal nor organizational. At the age of 63, he says, and with a successful publishing career behind him, he was not looking for power or preferment. (Moreover — this he does not say — as the Prime Minister's close confidant, he is anyway assured of a place in the innermost policy-making sanctum.)

Katz sees his role, furthermore, as larger than that of information overload. He has been called the "ideologue" of the Begin administration. Certainly he reflects in his writings and conversation a pristine purity of outlook, coupled with intellectual and emotional enthusiasm, to be found only among the most stalwart and unspolied old-timers of the Eizel-Herut camp.

His mission, as he perceives it, is to transform, gradually but per-



HASBARA HASSLE

sistently, the idiom in which the government — not just the "political" ministries but all the ministries — talks and acts.

For Katz, as for Begin, semantics are not "just semantics"; they are the stuff of policy, the true mirror of a government's intents and beliefs.

Katz speaks of "re-educating" government officials, not only in the Foreign Ministry, but in any department which uses politically significant words in the course of its business.

For example, the new government believes that the Palestinian case is grounded on myths. Mr. Begin has sought to explain this repeatedly abroad. He cannot be undercut, says Katz, by civil servants who continue to use the ambivalent semantics developed under the previous administration. The entire idiom must change, from top to bottom.

"That, after all, is what the voter decided on polling day. It is our duty to see that the voter's decision is implemented."

His attempt to gain control of *hasbarat hutz*, says Katz, was motivated by concern for "the tragedy, the catastrophe, of our *hasbara* situation, principally, of course, in the United States....

"Mr. Begin believed for years, as I did, that this problem needed

the clout of a ministry, a separate ministry. The battle for public opinion in the U.S. and Europe needs a major effort. It is a real war. I had been saying for years that the Foreign Ministry — apart from the policy content of its *hasbara* — was not equipped to do the job....

"The result of the success of Arab propaganda, and the failure of Israeli propaganda, is the tremendous growth of sympathy for the so-called Palestinians...."

MOSHE ARAD, assistant director-general at the Foreign Ministry in charge of *hasbara*, recalls the initial clash with Katz from the Ministry's viewpoint. "Katz came to Dayan with a plan for an 'Authority for Overseas Information,' Dayan asked to be briefed. Our top officials told him: eighty per cent of the work of our embassies and consulates is information. Under Katz's scheme the Foreign Ministry would be left solely with diplomacy and consular work."

The upshot was that Dayan balked — and Premier Begin held for him and against Katz.

The arguments put forward by both sides essentially echoed those used three years ago when then-Foreign Minister Eban fought off a bid by Information

Minister Shimon Peres (in Golda Meir's short-lived last government) to draw off some Foreign Ministry functions and personnel for his own ministry-in-the-making. The entire Information Ministry experiment petered out later when the minister, Aharon Yariv, resigned the post because Premier Rabin was not involving him sufficiently in policymaking.

THOUGH he does not say so outright, Katz apparently came close to resigning. But he decided to stay, and continued to plan. He took on as his assistant Moshe Yegar, a top *hasbara* official of the Foreign Ministry and an avowed political "hawk." But six weeks later, they are still embarrassingly unorganized, lacking even a permanent secretary.

"They do not pose a threat to us," say Foreign Ministry men disdainfully. "They have no organization (*manganon*). Beneath the disdain there is a certain suspicious trepidation: What is Katz up to, so close to the Prime Minister? What will his next move be?"

The Ministry men do not of course see their attitude as one of petty bureaucratic jealousy, nor even merely as the defence of their Ministry's main *raison d'être*. They see themselves stand-

ing on an essentially successful record, and Katz's complaints as unjustified calumnies. They point to the letter of the 76 senators, and the other expressions of public support for Israel during President Ford's 1975 "reassessment," as dramatic vindications of their efforts over the years.

For Katz, on the other hand, the very fact that the Ministry thinks it has done well, or even that it has done its best, shows that it does not even understand the scale of the problem. "Dinitz himself does a lot of *hasbara* — media appearances, lectures, speeches. But there is no-one who coordinates *hasbara* efforts for the whole country."

KATZ SPEAKS of the vast *hasbara*-related operations of the major American Jewish organizations: the American Jewish Committee, the Anti-Defamation League, Hadasah, the American Jewish Congress, the Community Relations Council, and other bodies. "People in Israel," he says, "don't realize the tremendous unexploited capacity, know-how and techniques among these organizations. His grand scheme begins to unfold."

"What is needed is to mobilize resources to tackle the problem



Prime Minister Begin has made his long-time confidant, Shmuel Katz, a special adviser for overseas information. Katz now faces the delicate task of carrying out a proposed major change in the information effort — especially in the U.S. — while avoiding conflict with Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan, writes DAVID LANDAU.

hasbara. "The 'coordination' which he envisages would enable the Jewish organizations to speak authoritatively on behalf of Israel. Their present efforts, their sophisticated structures, would be increased and channelled to avoid overlap and increase their effectiveness."

He envisages a coordinating centre in New York, and eventual regional centres too, staffed and run by American Jewish professionals. But there would apparently be an Israeli director or counsellor, with direct links to Jerusalem, to provide policy guidelines.

MR. KATZ IS not anxious to divulge more details of his scheme at this stage. He plans to go to America next month, when he will make a determined effort to "sell" it to the various Jewish leaders. He claims that the initial responses of many of these leaders have been favourable, though he concedes that some were less enthusiastic.

He is particularly hazy about the role of the Israelis in the proposed *hasbara* centres because this, of course, touches on the most sensitive aspects of the scheme.

"First, as Shmuel Katz himself has said, the hard way, there is the

problem of American law whereby persons engaged in propaganda work for a foreign country must be registered as "foreign agents." (He himself had to register as such during his mission on behalf of Begin this summer.) If the centres were seen to be directed from Jerusalem, their American staffers would probably be required to register as foreign agents — which is unacceptable to the Jewish organizations and would also immeasurably weaken their effectiveness.

Katz says he is aware of the problem and believes he has a way of overcoming it.

Second, there is the cherished independence of the American Jewish organizations. They have never allowed themselves to be seen "taking orders" from the embassy in Washington, and are unlikely now to consent to a surrogate of Mr. Katz standing over them in New York. Here too, says Mr. Katz, he is familiar with the delicacies of this problem and is confident of coping with them.

Third, there is the seemingly inevitable conflict with the Israeli embassy and the eight consulates around the U.S. Katz says it is by no means inevitable. "Dinitz won't lose any sleep over it, nor Ben-Ari." The work of Israeli

diplomats concerned with *hasbara* would be incorporated into the overall scheme, he says.

In the New York consulate-general, for instance, there is one consul "doing an excellent job" in *hasbara* among Christian churches. "But he is only one man, and the field is vast." Several veteran Jewish organizations have large and effective departments for Christian relations which devote much of their efforts to essentially similar work. Katz hopes to see this diffuse effort rationally coordinated. (But it is clear that it would be he, Shmuel Katz, and not the Washington embassy or the Foreign Ministry who would be in charge of the operation.)

FOREIGN MINISTRY officials say they know nothing about Katz's scheme, nothing about Katz's impending visit to America, indeed nothing about Katz. They talk and act as though he didn't exist.

Says Director-General Evron, absolutely poker-faced: "The Prime Minister made his decision about *hasbara* jurisdiction — and now we're just getting on with our job as usual."

Mr. Yegar, Shmuel Katz's aide, asserts that "cooperation between us and the Foreign Ministry has

been, is, and will be smooth and trouble-free. I pick up a phone to them, they pick up a phone to me.... We want no clashes, no overlap, only cooperation and coordination."

For Yegar, there is no question that despite his organizational defeat, Shmuel Katz remains the new government's senior and most authoritative *masbir* (purveyor of *hasbara*). Katz and he are still getting organized, Yegar says, still "learning the subject." But within two or three months they will have concretized their schemes, obtained the necessary budgets, and swung into action. They are already briefing visiting foreign newsmen, he notes.

Among the things Katz plans to do, says Yegar, is prepare "background papers" on policy issues to be circulated by the Foreign Ministry (alongside its own informational material) among Israel's missions abroad. Similarly, Mr. Katz would expect to be kept informed of the Foreign Ministry's own activities in this crucial area.

All this is news to the Foreign Ministry, bad news. But, seasoned diplomats that they are, the top officials there listen impassively and react with cold detachment.

Director-General Evron says he

does not recall *hasbara* briefs being sent through from the Prime Minister's Office in the past, and does not anticipate any such innovation now.

Information chief Moshe Arad seems surprised at the idea that Shmuel Katz should receive copies of the Ministry's own *hasbara* circulars to its legations.

A Ministry spokesman remarks that Messrs. Katz and Yegar "haven't" made themselves felt up till now.

In fact, of course, the Foreign Ministry men are a good deal more aware of, and concerned about Shmuel Katz's plans than they like to let on. Though they have never actually met, Moshe Arad keeps informed of Katz's doings, and keeps his superiors informed as well.

The belief (and hope) in the Ministry is that Katz will meet with a flat and final rejection when he submits his ideas to the top American Jewish leadership.

Rabbi Alexander Schindler, chairman of the Presidents' Conference, is reliably said to be lukewarm — verging on cold towards the scheme. Significantly, Katz says he has "not yet gone into the idea with Schindler."

The scheme hinges on the major organizations being willing to set aside millions of dollars to pay for it, and such willingness is apparently yet to be expressed. For legal reasons UJA funds could not be used.

But beyond the money question, there are the problems of the independence, the separate traditions, the credibility of the Jewish organizations — those same problems which Katz feels he can overcome, though he does not say how. Foreign Ministry veterans feel these obstacles will prove insurmountable.

Moreover, while there has indeed been an outpouring of solidarity and support for Begin, there is no knowing whether the leading Jewish organizations will want to commit themselves as unquestioningly to his policies as Katz will implicitly be asking them to do. Katz himself is not concerned on that score. He is convinced, he says, that American Jewry will stay solidly behind Israel even if and when the crunch comes with Washington over the West Bank-Palestinian issue.

To a large degree, Katz's success or failure with American Jewry may be determined by the extent to which he is felt to be backed by Begin. If the Premier's own prestige is somehow involved in Katz's presentation, some Jewish leaders may be loth to dismiss it out of hand.

For the moment, Begin, too, is playing the waiting game. He surely would not want his relations with Dayan, which he termed this week "absolutely excellent," marred by a dispute between Dayan and Katz. At the same time, though, the Premier was noticeably silent when Katz was quoted in an American newspaper (wrongly, he insists) as saying that Dayan does not necessarily speak for the Prime Minister. (He replied weeks later, when goaded by Shimon Peres in the House.) Insiders say that Katz's poor opinion of Dayan long antedated their appointments to serve in the new government.

The daunting prospect facing Katz is, then, a tough "selling campaign" among American Jewish leaders which, if successful, will plunge him into a battle with Dayan's Foreign Ministry. Shmuel Katz, a matter-of-fact, fundamentalist, is undaunted. □

WHEN I asked my uncle why, of all his horses, he liked Palush — the brown one — best, he said: "Palush has three qualities which every horse ought to have: he is strong and he pulls with the strength of three, he is good-natured, he has never used his strength to bad purpose, and he is clever, he understands a man. Now, little mister, do you see why I like Palush best of all?"

He pressed a piece of rock candy into my open mouth.

"I don't know," I mumbled with my mouth full.

"Remember it, then," he said, and walked away.

I remembered it, because secretly I thought of my uncle as a king.

Harvest-time in uncle's kingdom was celebrated with singing and dancing. I was struck by what a nice thing it was to drink to the new-born calves and foals. Sometimes I would wake in the dark, aroused by the merry cries of Jusek, the half-deaf coachman. Jusek used to smile like the full moon each time I agreed to sing him one of the dirty songs which he had taught me and which I didn't understand.

In the mornings, when the air wrimed up, the bees in the orchard broke into their buzzing song; they danced around the hives in the high grass, and then rose towards the sun and disappeared in the clear blue air. Uncle's stable smelled of dung, nicer than any other stable, and the farmyard air tasted of milk.

When the sun set, tin bells sounded in uncle's kingdom. Whirls of dust brought the cows back from pasture. They came through the wide open gates, bumping into each other, mooing lazily. In a while they would be milked, and soon afterwards it would be time to go to sleep, and I could dream again about Palush and the other horses.

Uncle often used to say that Palush, though old, had the carriage of a foal. One day, when he wasn't harnessed, I asked:

"Why doesn't he go into the field?"

"He can't," growled uncle. I saw an ugly black cloud settle on his face.

"Why can't he?" I wouldn't give up.

"Can't you see for yourself that he just can't? He is done for," he said and whipped the air with his walking stick.

"It is clear that he can't," Uncle raised his voice as though someone were contradicting him. "There is plenty of room in the stable. I will not have him go to the knacker's yard. That's for sure. Let him live it out here for as long as he can."

UNCLE ALWAYS spoke of Palush as if he were a man, and I liked that. And Palush liked it too.

THEN ONE DAY the bells on the cows' necks rang sadder and softer and the smells, colours and scents of the farm took on a distant dullness. A hush fell over the farmyard and the stable; even the horseflies seemed less energetic than before.

Uncle was leaning hard on his walking stick, as if afraid to lose his balance. Palush was lying on the trampled straw. He seemed huge, much bigger than when he had stood on his legs. He looked like a beaten hero whose strength had left him, and was apparently ashamed of his weakness and the worry he was causing us.

"Well, well," mumbled uncle, biting on his pipe. "Pneumonia, that's what it is. This is the end."

"Will he die?" I asked.

MUDDY WATER



"He is old," said uncle. "Is he sick?" I asked.

Uncle whispered something in the coachman's ear. Half-deaf Jusek, who stooped a little, said "Yes, master," and slowly swung his weight up to emphasize agreement. He scratched his grey, ruffled hair. Suddenly, he turned around, and with his short, bandy legs took three long strides out of the stable and into the yard.

The horse lay flat on his brown belly, marked by a thick white line down the middle and swelling and falling with each irregular breath.

"Go and lie down," uncle said. "It's terribly hot. I'll soon come along myself."

I heard the sound of hooves on the concrete floor. It was Palush fighting for his life. He mustered all his remaining strength; he wanted to get up, but his knees gave in under him. I was begin-

Ladislav Grosman

ning to fall asleep on my small pillow when I heard the sound. I clutched the pillow closer to my ear. From a distance, from the direction of the stable, above the barking of the dogs, the sound came again. The blind in my room was drawn. The air hung heavy and close. I pulled the blanket up to my chin and then over my head. I tensely expected something terrible and irrevocable to happen. Maybe the air would burst into flames, and I would be unable to move my legs.

I jumped up startled and ran to the window. Soaked with perspiration, I walked back to my bed and slid under the blanket. Nothing had happened, nothing at all. A bumble-bee was buzzing outside the window. The buzzing noise lulled me to the edge of sleep.

I FELT RELAXED and easy; just as I had the previous summer when I went swimming in the river with uncle.

"Go," he said to me, "you may, but don't let him drink before he cools off a bit; he is all steaming."

I hung on to the horse's sweaty mane. We galloped through the high grass and rode up to the ruins of a house that was once a mill. I sat upright. I wanted to look like one of the cavalymen I once saw riding in the town square. Obediently, rocking gently, Palush carried me to the gravelly bank, right to the water's edge.

The river was quiet, shallow at the edge; the water seemed to be standing still, clear, translucent. Shining like a mirror catching the light. The sun was swaying lightly in the mirror, my image on horseback away there too. We stood for a while at the water's edge. Then I loosened the reins.

The horse lowered his neck to the water, his mouth almost touching the surface. Then suddenly he raised himself, as if frightened. Or as if there was something he didn't like — perhaps his reflection on the shiny surface. He snorted nervously.

"Don't be afraid, silly," I said, "there's nothing to be afraid of, drink up, you may now, you may, you're not steaming any more."

I almost fell off his back. He reared up, tossed his head, and threw his front hooves into the clear water, stomping fiercely at his own reflection.

The water under the horse's belly turned brown, then entirely black, swallowing the sun rays. Only then did he lower his head, and thirstily begin to slurp the muddy water. Hurriedly, eagerly, as though fearing that someone would take it from him, that he'd miss his turn.

"SAY, UNCLE, why did Palush drink muddy water, when he could have drunk it clear?" I asked.

Uncle was stretched out on his back in the high grass under the willow tree. His face was covered with a hat and his head rested on the palms of his hands. Only his chin and mouth stuck out from under his hat; a blade of grass glimmered between his teeth when he spoke:

"Envy, boy, envy."

"What kind of envy?"

"Horse's, boy, horse's envy."

"What was he envious of?"

"Water."

"But there is enough of it."

"A horse doesn't think of that."

"Whom did he envy?"

"The horse he saw in the water."

"But he only saw himself."

"You know that, but how is a horse supposed to know it?" All those who envy others drink muddy water," uncle went on. "When he's thirsty, a horse wants to drink alone. He doesn't think that others might be troubled by thirst."

"Does a horse know how to envy?"

"Why should a horse be better than a man?"

"Do all men envy?"

"All who envy drink muddy water."

"And you? Do you drink muddy water, too, uncle?"

Uncle was sleepy. He slid the braces off his shoulders and once again stretched out in the shadow of the willow tree. Nearby, the horse was grazing. I wanted to verify uncle's words. When I saw that he'd fallen asleep, I went back to the river. I stomped in the mud and then crouched and drank. The dark water was vile, and the sand felt gritty between my teeth. I ran back to uncle and shook him out of his sleep.

"What's wrong? What happened?" Uncle propped himself up on his elbows.

"Rather than drink muddy water, I will not envy," I said, as if anyone cared.

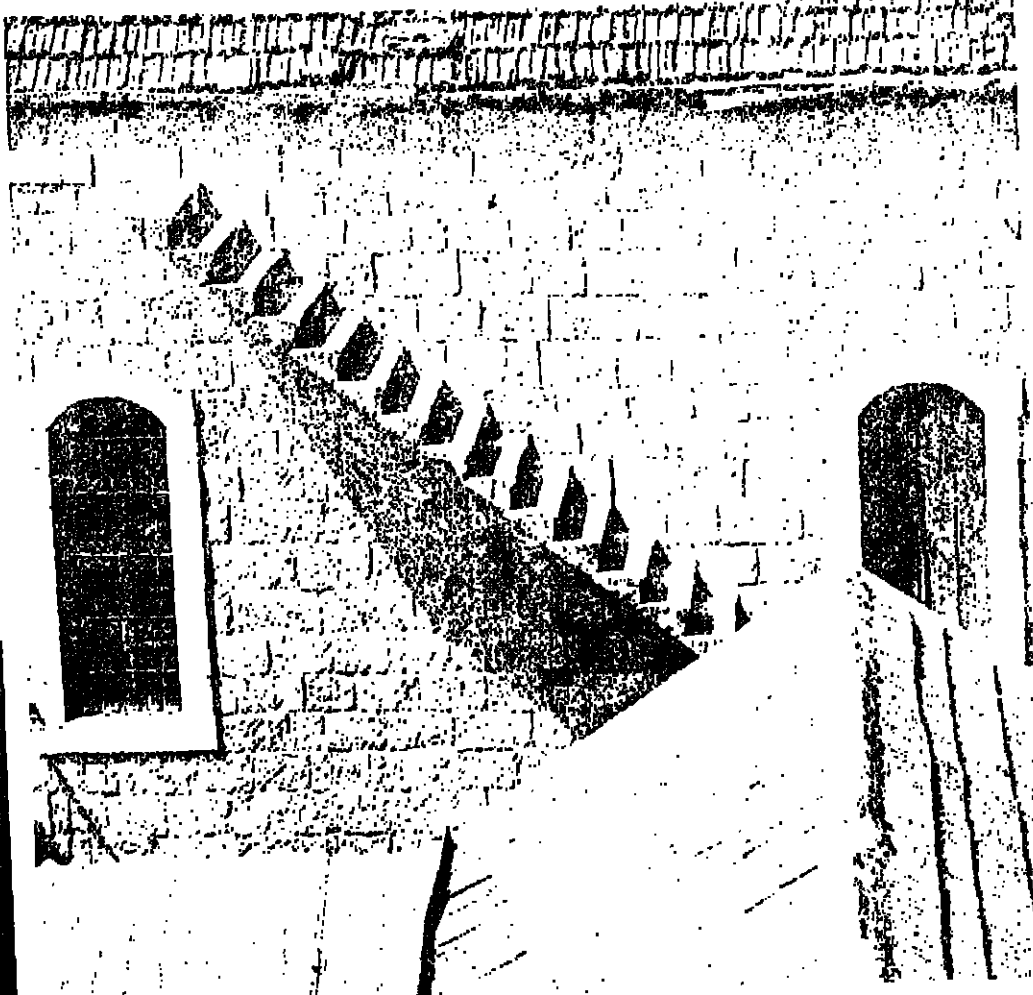
Uncle yawned a long yawn, turned on his side and dozed off.

THEN tiredness overcame me. I was falling asleep and I felt good. In the yellow-green dimness of my room, I had no further reason to think of those two strange sounds which were like gun shots. I dreamed that I was walking safely through the kingdom which smelt of dung and fresh milk, and the ringing of the cow-bells grew more and more distant until it disappeared completely.

Translated from the Czech by Sonia Raff.



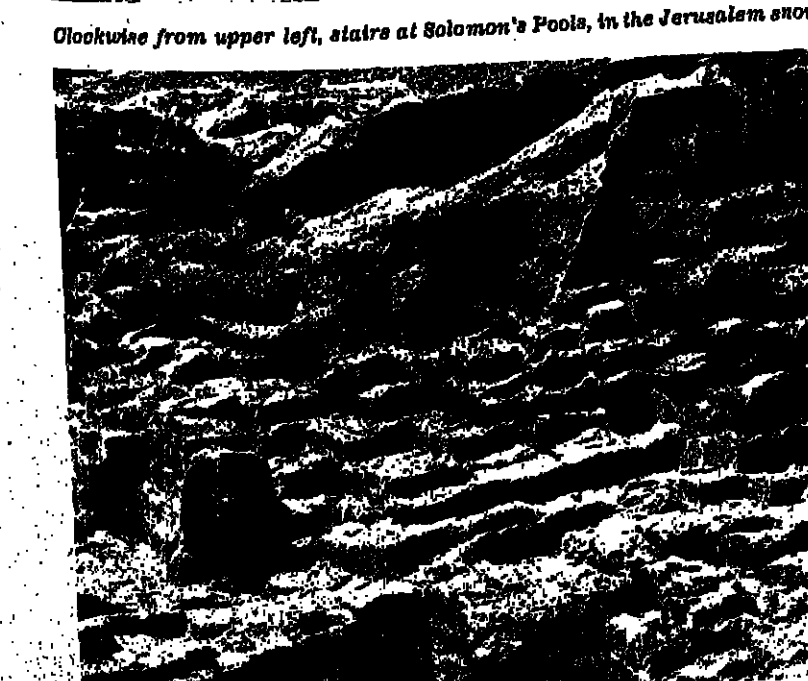
Remodelling made an oddity of the staircases in Jerusalem's Sansur building (above left), and in house on Rehov Ho Hanavi near the Italian Hospital.



STARE CASE

Stairs which go nowhere have fascinated photographer Reuven Milon.

The photos on this page are part of puzzling staircases, collected over the past decade in Jerusalem and around the country.



Clockwise from upper left, stairs at Solomon's Pools, in the Jerusalem snow, at Beit Safafa in Jerusalem, the ohurah in Btr'im and quarry on Mt. Carmel.



TRADITIONALLY assigned to the home, Jewish education for women has in our century become formalized and institutionalized. Not only has the Jewish woman come out of the home; her education has, too. It has moved into the classroom. And no less Orthodox an institution than the Beit Ya'acov school system began this revolutionary movement.

Realizing that the home could no longer effectively and exclusively educate a woman in the 20th century, its founder, Sara Schenirer (a seamstress by vocation), started the first religious school for Jewish girls in Cracow in 1918. It received the sanction of the Hafeiz Halm (Rabbi Yisrael Meir Hachohen), one of the outstanding Halachic authorities of the day, who ruled that, in light of the changing social conditions, Jewish girls must be given formal instruction in the basics of the Jewish faith and way of life. Today, formal education for girls is acceptable to all religious groups.

Nevertheless, it remains incomplete and frequently ineffective. Halachically, it lacks the force of the obligation that men have, "to study day and night." As a means of keeping women "within the fold," women's education ultimately becomes no more than an extension of traditional kitchen instruction. It emphasizes practical religion but bars women from the deep, intellectual involvement in the sources "for their own sake." Men have a yeshiva tradition of studying Talmud, of long and intricate discussions to interpret and elaborate upon the Tora.

LACKING such a tradition, lacking the intensity and commitment that the study of Talmud requires, a woman's education is usually regarded as secondary to a man's. How can this situation be changed? What subjects should women learn? What is the final vision of Jewish woman that an educational system should project?

Rabbi Yehudah Copperman had to grapple with all these issues when he set out in his pioneering efforts to establish what is today the Jerusalem College for Women, popularly known as the Michlala, in Bayit Vegan.

"What I sought," says Dublin-born Rabbi Copperman, who has a degree in law as well as in Bible and Hebrew Letters, "was a central subject for women's education parallel to the Gemara. Gemara gives boys everything — intellectual stimulation, creative involvement, spiritual fulfillment. What was revolutionary at the Michlala was our realization that the study of the Bible, Humash (Pentateuch), the Commentaries and company, is the Gemara for women. It gives strict textual study and the *amal* (toil) in the Tora, the involvement in working through the text.

"You don't learn about the Tora, you learn within and through the Tora. And one can get everything else that way. The Bible, the Prophets, the Talmud, present-day thinkers. It is the core programme that gives the girls tremendous devotion to the study of the Tora, with its values coming through as a by-product."

Rabbi Copperman is an articulate advocate of his approach to women's education. As he shows me around the school's brand-new campus, he is quietly proud of the uncompromisingly Orthodox, politically unaffiliated college he has created.

"I started the school," he explains, "because I saw there was no place for a girl from a good

TEACHING GIRLS THE TALMUD

Religious education for Jewish women is changing in response to the challenges of our day. ROCHELLE FURSTENBERG speaks to three educators who are involved with this issue and records their contrasting views.



Pelech girls studying in a biology classroom and laboratory. (Photo S. Baron)



religious high school to continue her Jewish education."

INDICATIVE of the extent to which the Michlala has come to fill that need is its lightning development, with a school population today of 600 young women and a modern, carefully planned campus. It is a far cry from the few apartments in Bayit Vegan which the Coppermans rented in 1963.

At the Michlala, girls do not only have to study for the practical knowledge required in order to fulfil the *mitzvot* but also for the creative involvement in study for its own sake. *Tora Lishma*, which has been the man's prerogative, the core of his Jewish existence for centuries, can also be accessible to women. But once they are encouraging the disinterested study of Tora, why shouldn't Talmud rather than the Bible be the central subject for women as it is for men?

Rabbi Copperman's response to the question, "Why not Talmud?" suggests the traditional view on this subject. It also reflects a larger vision of women's function.

"One cannot become a student of Talmud," he contends, "without years of intensive study. Therefore there is no point in a woman's studying Gemara. By nature of her function as a mother and wife, she will not always be able to devote the hours and years that such study demands. Practically, it is a waste to take so much time to prepare her for what she will not be able to continue. We certainly teach her oral law; she must have an approach to Talmud. But the working through of a text — that a woman gets in the Bible. Women's education simply emphasizes a different dimension of Tora study."

In addition to its Teachers' College, the Michlala is opening up training programmes in the paramedical field, food industry and accounting. Rabbi Copperman sees this as consistent with the concept of the school — "The concept," he says, "of a strictly Orthodox institution training Orthodox girls in professions which they can enter without compunction. Professions which will contribute to the betterment of Israeli society."

In contrast, then, to the approach in Tora studies, in which study is pursued "for its own sake," the general studies programme directs students in a practical way towards earning a living. It takes into consideration the fact that the woman will work outside the home; it frequently takes for granted the fact that, at least for some time, she will probably work while her husband learns in a yeshiva.

For some, the programme of general subjects may be too circumscribed. It might not allow the student to follow the academic path to whatever "heretical" byways there are. It could of course be argued that secular institutions, too, tread well-worn paths. Moreover, Rabbi Copperman is quick to point out, "It is not through indoctrination or coercion but through an atmosphere of Tora study that our students acquire their values as Jewish women."

IN HAIFA, Dr. Naomi Cohen is developing a different approach to the challenge of religious education for women. Studying Gemara with another woman as a "kavruia," participating actively in a class on woman's status in Halacha, initiating study groups on Talmud and Maimonides, she demonstrates her belief that

Talmud should be studied by women as well as men.

She stands as a model for women who have completed their formal education and are seeking a direction for further growth in Jewish learning. This would not be surprising, perhaps, if Dr. Cohen, a lecturer at Haifa University, were not also the wife of the Ashkenazi Chief Rabbi of Haifa, Naomi Cohen's involvement with oral law seems to fly in the face of the prohibition accepted in certain Orthodox circles that women may not study Talmud.

"But there have always been women studying Talmud," she counters. "In fact, I discovered recently another instance not often quoted," she says, looking around in her purse for the quotation that indicates that the mother of Rabbi Yisrael Salanter, the 19th-century founder of the Mussar movement, was known "for her acuteness and expert knowledge in Talmud."

"Look," the open, energetic, American-born rabbanit declares, "every society has certain things which are of paramount significance in its scale of values. There is no doubt that in Judaism it is the study of Tora that counts. In the mainstream of Judaism, you don't really exist as a complete human being if you are not involved in Tora study, and this must include Talmud. You are permitted to serve the members of the 'club' in an ancillary capacity — but you yourself are not a member of it — and this is true of men and women alike. If one wants to be a complete person, one must engage in the study of Tora, both oral and written law."

"I studied very little Talmud as a youngster, and as an adult with many responsibilities I'll never get far," she admits. "At most I'll be able to understand an ordinary *sugya* (chapter) in Gemara. But not all men are great scholars, either. Yet they are part of the Tora world, have access to the sources, the wellsprings of Judaism. Is there any real justification for denying this birthright to any Jew who has the desire and the ability to acquire it?"

Naomi Cohen maintains that she is simply extending the concept of Sara Schenirer, the founder of the Beit Ya'acov movement, who realized that changing social conditions required a different — more positive — attitude towards intensive Jewish education for women.

"Today, this includes teaching them Talmud," she insists. "The contemporary woman is educated in every other field. Even the average housewife is expected to stand on her own feet. In addition there is the widow, who no longer has the extended family to fall back on for support. Whether it's a desirable situation or not, today's woman must be independent."

"However, in the specifically Jewish dimension of her life, she is still largely dependent on others. If her life as a Jew remains separate from her life in other realms, she will come to function less and less Jewishly. Things will go by the board."

Younger and more militant Jewish women would like to raise the educational level of women as a means of changing their overall Halachic status. Naomi Cohen's views reflect this too.

"Women, in recent times, have gone a long way towards achieving equal Halachic status," she declares. "Nevertheless, most rabbis," says the Orthodox rabbanit, whose father was a distinguished American Orthodox rabbi, Herbert S. Goldstein, "are

not unlike other people, in that they too have a tendency to deal first with what is most pressing at the moment. As long as women do not confront them with the urgency of their contemporary problems, from a Jewish standpoint, they cannot expect further Halachic legislation in this area. And as long as women's Jewish educational level is artificially kept down to that of young boys, they won't be considered as other than children — to be loved and cherished, but hardly full and equal persons."

In spite of what sounds like a strongly feminist stance, Naomi Cohen insists that a strong family structure is basic to Judaism. She maintains that the preservation of a strong family unit is not only a Jewish value but also one of the primary urges of women as women.

"However," she points out, "most people today are not tied only to their primary urges. Both men and women have quite a lot of themselves left over, after the fulfilment of their primary urges, for their primary obligations to society and to themselves. It is only the use of this extra potential that makes an individual a truly human being."

ANOTHER DYNAMIC Orthodox woman, Professor Alice Shalvi, is implementing on the high school level an equally liberated vision of religious education for women.

When I visited Prof. Shalvi at her home in Beit Hakerem, she had just returned from a trip to the U.S. The sign on the door read "Alice's Restaurant is Open Again." But "the restaurant" for her large family takes up only a small part of Prof. Shalvi's time. A professor of English Literature at the Hebrew University, the public-spirited mother of six is also acting principal of the Pelech Orthodox Girls' School.

How did she get involved with Pelech?

"As so often happens," she explained in her measured English manner, "through my search for a suitable school for my daughter, Shalom and Penina Rosenbluth, who had founded Pelech, were innovative educators. And the emphasis on a high standard of morality, including the honour system in examinations, total honesty, attracted me. I became more and more involved and eventually became acting principal."

Alice Shalvi is more sensitive than most religious educators to the fusion of values that must take place if women's education is to be modern and democratic as well as deeply Jewish. She chooses teachers who have an intense religious commitment, but at the same time believes that in a modern, technological society such as ours, we must break out of our authoritarian, text-bound type of education.

"My experience in higher education has shown me," she says, "that we are not training people to think. Our examination system puts too much emphasis on the accumulation of material and its regurgitation. In the non-religious system there are, at least, alternative schools that are freer. But there have been no alternative schools within the Orthodox framework. Alternatives revolve around the degree of religiosity rather than the type of education. I think it necessary to start building up alternative forms of education within the religious framework."

Pelech is attempting to develop just such an alternative type of education through experimental



Rabbi Yehudah Copperman.



Dr. Cohen and (below), Prof. Shalvi.



programming. For instance, a course in thinking and problem-solving in ninth grade teaches children how to find information, read critically, and analyze. Can a school with a deeply religious value system allow itself such open-mindedness?

Prof. Shalvi feels that it can. "Sharpening the mental faculties is far too neglected in girls' education," she says. "But it is acceptable in Judaism. Boys get it in Gemara. One forgets how open the Talmud is to every subject, how probing it is. How Halacha is also *halicha* — a way of life — with all that that implies."

"Our girls are given the tools and ability to go on to higher studies in Talmud," says Alice Shalvi. When questioned about spending time in a discipline they won't be able to pursue later, she counters, "Why shouldn't there be a yeshiva for women? Ultimately a girl should get exactly the same kind of education as her brother. No field of study should be closed to her simply because she is a girl."

Alice Shalvi likes to emphasize that this balanced vision of the sexes already exists in the first version of the study of Creation in Genesis. "It says there, 'Male and female He created them.' This implies equal creation."

Of course, the second version — where Eve is created out of Adam's rib — is more difficult to resolve in egalitarian terms. Nevertheless, she smiles, "I saw a wonderful motto on a campaign-type button in America. It read, 'Adam was a rough draft! Eve, you see, is the more sophisticated, finished version of mankind.'"

"Do you think that a woman's ultimate function is in the home, as a mother and wife?" I asked Prof. Shalvi. Her oldest son had just arrived with his wife and baby, the Shalvi's first grandchild. Everyone was delighted. One child came to sit at his mother's side. Others had chores to do. There was the richness found in large families. One also felt an ordering hand, organization, responsibilities. Moshe Shalvi, a publishing executive, involves himself in the home and is far from being an absent father.

"I think the greatest function that people can perform is bringing up children, children who are healthy emotionally, physically, morally."

"It is for this reason," she continued, "that we are devising an innovative three-year programme of family studies at the school. It will focus on subjects like Sociology of the Family, Parent-Child Relations, Child Psychology, the Physiological and Psychological Development of Man and Woman, Halachic Approach to Sexual Matters. I know this is thin ice. We're living in a very permissive society, one that a moral person cannot wholly identify with. But we have to cope with it. We can't have an ostrich-like attitude and pretend the world is other than what it is. We hope this programme will serve as a model for other schools; religious and non-religious Jewish schools in the U.S. have also expressed much interest in it."

Creative programming, developing experimental models for the education of Jewish women, trying to confront the problems of Jewish woman in modern society — these are the goals of Pelech.

"We don't have all the answers," she says. "We don't pretend to. But, parents, staff, myself, together — we're seeking."

It's about time. □

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GETTING IT TOGETHER AT GEZER

Thirty years ago, the Arab Legion overran Kibbutz Gezer and killed a third of its members. Although the settlement was quickly recaptured, the place never really recovered fully. Now, a group of young Americans is firmly entrenched there, and determined to succeed. MATTHEW NESVISKY finds Gezer an American enclave—but it seems to be working.

TEL GEZER shows definite signs of neglect. Some say this massive archaeological site, with its 4,500 years of history on a strategic hill commanding the approach from Ashkelon to Jerusalem, rivals Meggido and Hazor in importance. Yet Tel Gezer is hardly on the archaeological map. The Hebrew Union College completed 10 years of excavations in 1973, and lack of funds, outside support and interest have left the place abandoned ever since.

Beduin now camp on this windswept site where Joshua defeated a Canaanite king. Once the Egyptians wrested ancient Gezer from the Hebrews, but a Pharaoh subsequently presented it to Solomon as part of a dowry. The Maccabees later built an important fortress there.

Yet today, despite the impressive structures that have been uncovered, no sign on the Tel Aviv-Jerusalem highway directs tourists to the hill. There are no explanatory notices at the site, no directional arrows, no standard warnings to keep off the ancient walls and arches. There isn't even a paved road to the place.

For all its importance, then, Tel Gezer gives the impression of having been written off by the authorities. It appears abandoned for utter lack of interest. Or just forgotten.

And many people have got into the habit of feeling the same way about the settlement that lies just below the tel.

Kibbutz Gezer, like the archaeological site, has its layers of history. It was established in 1946, but was battered severely in the Independence War. The Arab Legion actually held the kibbutz for a few hours, and before Jewish reinforcements could retake it, 19 kibbutzniks were slain and 16 women were captured (they were released a few days later).

Ever since that stunning setback, no attempts to make the place thrive ever really succeeded. Periodically, its fields would lie fallow. Almost exactly four years ago, Gezer quietly folded up yet again, and many were certain it was finished for good.

By this time the place had a bad reputation. From 1971 to 1973, 600 people — a staggering number — passed through Gezer's ranks. It had become known as a watering hole for druggies, drifters, and drop-outs. Israelis, including officials of the Ihud Hakibbutz Movement, sneered at Gezer's vegetarian kitchen and organic vegetable plots. Some people were happy to see Gezer starting to gather dust again.

BUT, REMARKABLY, the present situation is far different from all that. The 30 American members there have just been joined by 20 enthusiastic candidates, and more groups are forming up in the U.S. A contingent of Israelis is also earmarked for Gezer when it enters Nahal, and a large group of *Sherut La'am* volunteers is preparing to settle



Fathers in the nursery. Women's lib is firmly entrenched at the new Gezer. (Aliza Auerbach)

in. Other volunteer workers at Gezer usually stay for long periods and often end up applying for membership.

Meanwhile, the farm is flourishing. The dairy herd numbers well over 200, and now automated houses are being readied to handle the kibbutz's 12,000 chickens. The 1,200 dunams of cotton are a sure money-maker, and Gezer's artichokes fetch fancy prices every year. From its 300 dunams of melons alone, the kibbutz turned a profit of several hundred thousand pounds this year. Negotiations are already under way for that inevitable step — the establishment of an industrial enterprise. Meanwhile, members are shopping for more tractors, vehicles, earth-moving machinery. And a swimming pool no longer seems like impossible.

Physically, the place is already undergoing a metamorphosis. Old

buildings from former kibbutz incarnations have been pulled down and handsome new housing units are going up in their place. New gardens and lawns have been laid out, and Gezer's proud new mothers wheel their babies around them. The first children's house is already filling up with cries and squeals. An admirable library has been established — in response to an appeal, the Schocken publishing house sent the kibbutz everything on its list. The library, like the club room and the free store, never closes. Meanwhile, the brand new dining hall already shows strain at the seams on Friday nights. The residents are forced to take their Shabbat meal in two shifts in order to manage comfortably. Yet no one complains. Growing pains are a novel and not unwelcome malady at Gezer.

What happened? Why are they

suddenly getting it all together at Gezer?

For one thing, the Kibbutz Movement, faced with a determined group of American settlers, decided not to let the kibbutz fall again, and provided appropriate assistance, funding and expertise. Neighbouring Kibbutz Tsor'a, a well-established settlement with many English-speaking members, offered to train the newcomers in the arts of agriculture and management.

This sympathetic and parental attitude is perhaps symbolized by the fact that Tsor'a still does Gezer's laundry — but the latter plans to take over that chore for itself very soon. There is even an organization called Friends of Gezer — mostly members' parents — which operates in the U.S., giving moral support and more.

None of this, of course, would

have amounted to much without the one thing that makes any joint enterprise a success: a group of dedicated people willing to work their brains out for the good of the community. That seems to be what Gezer was waiting for. This time the chemistry has clicked: the place is blooming because it's watered with that indispensable nutrient, sweat.

And they do sweat. Field crops demand daily attention — and before the day begins, irrigation crews and the midnight milking shift pass each other in the dark. Growing cotton means weeding endless rows by hand. Equally back-breaking and mind-bending is the harvesting and sorting of melons. Every last person engages in agriculture, which is not the situation at most kibbutzim these days. But at Gezer, both sexes pitch in equally (women's lib is a by-word there; the kibbutz now boasts its third successive woman as chief administrator, which must be something of a record). But the real by-word at Gezer, as at any farm, is work.

IN MOST respects, then, Gezer is progressing just like any other kibbutz. But not quite. For Gezer maintains quite openly, even a little fiercely, a distinct American flavour. English is the *lingua franca* and the chief topic among the men around the dining hall is still how the New York Mets and the Los Angeles Dodgers are doing.

In fact, a Saturday afternoon ball game is a permanent weekly fixture at Gezer. The week I visited, the Orangemen were being steadily trampled by a team of U.S. Marines from the American Embassy in Tel Aviv. Gezer took the defeat in its stride; at least they got to trade off some of their melons for PX beer.

The American character of the place is all-important to David Leichman, who left Berkeley, California, to join the newest group of candidates for Gezer membership.

"I happen to think of myself as an American by accident," David says, sprawled comfortably on a new Gezer lawn. "But I value many things from my American experience a great deal. Gezer allows me a full Jewish life without totally giving up important things from my American culture. I grew up with certain socialist and feminist ideas — and I need a particular kind of creative Jewish life-style which is in an American tradition. Where else can I get all these things in one place?"

Minneapolis Sally Karsner, another newcomer, expressed similar views. She says she "never found a niche in America," and long wanted to try kibbutz life. But, she says, "a strictly religious or a strictly secular kibbutz wasn't for me. Only at Gezer, I think, can I live without being embarrassed about my American background — and my American style of Jewishness. It's very important to me, for example, that we have a kosher

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POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All performances are in Hebrew, unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

TWELFTH NIGHT — Shakespeare's play translated by Ehud Manor. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

ABELARD AND HELOISE — Based on the love letters between the post-philosopher and his student during the Dark Ages. Written by Ronald Duncan; directed by Amos Mokadi. (Beit Hoven, tonight at 9.30; Monday at 9 p.m.)

ALL MY SONS — Arthur Miller's play about World War II profiteers. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

BLUFF — Cabaret show by "Hatuli" directed by Ken Globus, with Nahum Shalit and Nava Golden. Depicts a hypothetical (?) situation in which this country is economically and socially bankrupt. (Beit Hahayal, Weissmann and Pinkus, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

DIARY OF THE PRESENT — Sketches of personal impressions and adventures, written by Yosef Mundi and presented by the Beit Hoven Theatre. (Beit Hoven, 98 Dizengoff, tonight at 9.30 and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN — Habimah's production of Brecht's play translated by Shimon Sandbank about a good woman destined to live in a corrupt town of sinners. (Habimah's Large Hall, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

DEEP WATER — New Habimah production by Hillel Munk. Directed by Amir Nizani. Attempts to enter the lives of a group of youths who are at once the products of their society and at variance with it. (Habimah's Small Hall, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

MUSIC

All performances are at 8.30 unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BEETHOVEN SONATAS — Lydia Kordovitch, violin; Alan Sternfeld, piano. (Israel Museum; Sunday)

JEWISH SOUL MUSIC — Gloria Feldman, clarinet. (Khan, opposite railway station; Sunday)

ISRAELI BACH SOCIETY — Works for organ and harpsichord by Bach, Vivaldi and Mozart. Directed by Eli Freud. (International Evangelical Church, 55 Hanoverim, Saturday)

Tel Aviv

ELI SERIES — The Kibbutz Chamber Orchestra performs works by Corelli, Partos, Shalit, Haydn (Tsavta, 80 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 11.15 a.m.)

DANCE

THE BAT DOR DANCE COMPANY — Leverakher (Donny Seiler, Soffer); Adagetto (Charles Chazany); Night Creature (Alvin Alley); And After... (Gene Hilli Bagan). (Tel Aviv Bat Dor Theatre, 80 Ibn Gvirol, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Pyrrhic dances (Toor van Sahay); 24 Bars (Charles Chazany); Journey (Donny Seiler, Soffer) (Tel Aviv Bat Dor Theatre, 80 Ibn Gvirol, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

FLAMENCO DANCING — With Sylvia Duran. (Tel Aviv, Tsavta, 80 Ibn Gvirol, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

SWING DANCE — (Kibbutz Gazit, tonight)

JULIUS CAESAR — Shakespeare's play, produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, 101 Dizengoff, Sunday, Monday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY — Habimah's production of the comedy by Eduardo de Filippo. (Habimah's Large Hall, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

GOG AND MAGOG — Musical satire written by Yehoshua Sobol. Directed by Nola Chilton. Music by Yoni Rechter. (Beit Hahayal, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT — Haifa Theatre production of the play by French playwright Jean Giraudoux. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Fehman, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other Towns

GOG AND MAGOG — (Palmachim, tonight at 8.15)

IN A PANIC — New play by Shimon Israeli, with Motti Giladi. (Ramat Gan, Orde, tonight at 9.30; Kfar Hesa, Beit Ha'am, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

TWELFTH NIGHT — (Beersheba, Sunday and Monday)

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE — Based on Arthur Miller's play about illegal Italian immigrants to the U.S. in the '20s. Produced by the Beersheba Theatre. (Beersheba, tonight at 9.30; Kfar Hesa, Beit Ha'am, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

ZOO STORY — By Edward Albee, produced by the Beersheba Theatre. (Beersheba, Saturday and Sunday)

MUSIC

EVENING OF CHAMBER MUSIC — Works by Mozart, Schubert, Brahms, Bernstein, and others. (Beit Hoven, 98 Dizengoff, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

ISRAELI BACH SOCIETY — Double concert for harpsichord and organ. Works by Bach, Vivaldi and Mozart. Directed by Eli Freud. (Stella Maria Church, Monday at 7.30 p.m.)

Other Towns

HOLON CHAMBER ENSEMBLE — Works by Corelli, Bach, Haydn, Herbert, Anderson. (Kiryat Ono Theatre, Kiryat, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

KIBBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Works by Corelli, Partos, Shalit, Bartok. (Nazorea, tonight)

FOR CHILDREN

IT IS FOR REAL — Variety show — songs, sketches, games. (Ma'ayan Zvi, today at 5.30 p.m.)

SEVEN IN ONE SWOOP — Based on the tale by the Grimm Brothers. Produced by the Beersheba Theatre. (Beersheba, today and Saturday)

BLAZING SADDLES — Take-off on all those Westerns Hollywood has ever made. Expect anything to happen in this Mel Brooks extravaganza. (At one point Count Basie and his entire orchestra appear, in evening dress, playing the theme song amid the desert cacophony. Great stuff.)

LA BONNE ANNIE — Thoroughly enjoyable serio-comedy that is both love story and thriller. Beautifully acted and directed with tact and spirit by Claude Lelouch. With

For last minute changes in times of performances, or where times are not available please contact Box Office.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1977



Jack Lemmon and Brenda Vaccaro, two of the stars in Jerry Jameson's new air adventure film 'Airport 77.'

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — The Hora dance group; folk singers Shalit and Yoram. (Hilton, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE — Pop musical based on the Book of Ruth. In English. (Khan opposite railway station, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

HAVA ALBERSTEIN — sings songs and plays her guitar. (Tsavta, 80 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at 9)

A MAN WITHIN HIMSELF — Singer/composer Shalom Hanoch and his group. (Tsavta, 80 Ibn Gvirol, Thursday at 9.15 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI — Songs and guitar. (Tsavta, 80 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 9 and 11.30 p.m.)

RISEING AT 6 a.m. — With Dudu Zakai, Dorit Reuveni. (Tsavta, 80 Ibn Gvirol, Monday at 9 p.m.)

YONATAN GEFEN — "Living-room chat." (Tsavta, 80 Ibn Gvirol, tonight at midnight, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

HAGAHSHAH HAHIVER — The comedy trio in a musical programme of political satire. (Haifa Auditorium, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

Other Towns

HAGAHSHAH HAHIVER — (Holon, Rina, tonight at 8.30; Yagur, Yad Lemaganim, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

POETRY READING — Poems by Ron Adler, read by Willy Adler; sung by Tamar Rosenfeld. (Arad, Saturday at 9)

FILMS IN BRIEF

AIRPORT 77 — Deep sea rescue adventure involving the actual salvage capabilities of the United States navy. Jack Lemmon in a straight role as the jumbo's captain but with a very poor supporting cast.

ANCHO MISE — Crested and partially filmed by the late Pietro Germi; the romping escapades of a group of middle-aged men, whose friendship is cemented by a love for absurd pranks. An assortment of shenanigans which vary from good farce to empty motion. Depressing to take the film seriously.

ANNIE HALL — Woody Allen's latest and most personal film about the relationship between an ill-matched couple. Touching, humorous and totally convincing with the usual stock of terrific verbal and visual gags. Stars Woody Allen as comedian Alvy Singer.

THE EAGLE HAS LANDED — Based on a notorious story by Jack Higgins about a German commando operation to kidnap Churchill in a raid in which the Germans are disguised as Polish troops stationed in Norway.

FANTASIA — Brilliant, delightful dreamlike Walt Disney classic. Recommended for the whole family.

FUNNY PEOPLE — South African filmmaker Jamie Uys traps people in practical joke situations, with hidden camera technique. Hilariously ridiculous reactions of passers-by turn to queasy laughter when the

Lino Ventura, Francoise Fabian and Charles Gerard.

A BRIDGE TOO FAR — Film version of Cornelius Ryan's book based on the true story of the drop at Arnhem by British and American paratroopers to secure the Rhine bridges for the advancing allied forces. The operation resulted in a ghastly and costly failure.

CARRIE — About a young mouse-like girl who discovers she has psychic powers. Film builds to devastating climax as Carrie, tormented by her mother and classmates, takes her revenge.

HAZARLAN — Colourful home-made Israeli shmeitz with hero Yoram Gilon happily singing his way through various interesting Sephardi-Ashkenazi problems while finally finding the heroine's heart.

THE LAST TYCOON — F. Scott Fitzgerald's last novel about movie boy-wonder mogul Irving Thalberg (Robert De Niro) and his inexplicable romance with a young girl, set in 1930's Hollywood. Full of 'Harold Pinter' names. Elia Kazan directs/produces/coaches. Dony Curtis and Jeane Moreau with mustache and lipstick.

AIRPORT 77 — Deep sea rescue adventure involving the actual salvage capabilities of the United States navy. Jack Lemmon in a straight role as the jumbo's captain but with a very poor supporting cast.

(Continued on page 7)

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IT MIGHT sound appropriate for a maternity wear manufacturer to pursue an "expansionist" policy. And that is just what Ruth and Sammy Jolles, owners of Aphrodite, have been doing in the past year.

The new collection they have just launched for autumn is three-pronged, including a range of skirts for the non-pregnant fashion shopper, maternity outfits, and some snappy children's clothes too.

Their policy is indicative of retail trends in the fashion business during the past year, and the way they have hit medium size manufacturers like Aphrodite. People are buying fewer, more all-purpose, and generally better quality clothes these days.

Where maternity wear is concerned, says Ruth Jolles, women are definitely cutting down their purchases to a few basic essentials. In previous years, an average expectant mother was buying between four to six outfits; in the past year, she has tended to buy only three or four, perhaps

From here to maternity

Catherine Rosenhelmer

even fewer. "Women are buying little but good, and looking for all-occasion sportswear" she says.

In past seasons Aphrodite's range has included cocktail and long evening wear. This time it consists of a range of pinafore dresses, mostly in combinations of classic plain, check and striped tweeds, or in two types of pincord combined — either brown with beige, or other basic colours with mini print insets for sleeves and yokes.

With tunic dresses averaging IL465 apiece for the coming winter, it is logical that customers are looking for "basic" dresses on which they can ring the changes with a different teaming sweater or shirt.

Another line of maternity wear consists of shirts and tent jackets, which can be mixed and matched with plain coloured maternity trousers. There is a good zip-

through corduroy flared jacket which would look good with jeans, and a more elegant white crepe smock shirt. Trousers, made with slits at the sides and adjustable buttoned elastic in the waistband, sell for IL180 each, and the separate tops average IL300.

FORTUNATELY for Aphrodite, "zero population growth" has not become the fashionable trend in Israel — not yet, at any rate. Nonetheless, with a general reduction in the sales volume of maternity fashions, the company decided to branch out into other fashion spheres as well. The result is a range of skirts which will be selling under the Nataly label, again with the emphasis on basic, versatile fabrics, either in good-

looking soft angora-type wool cloth in a range of neutral colours, for pleated or partially pleated skirts, fairly straight in line — or in plain needlecord and tweeds.

The childrenswear range, often in the same fabrics as the maternity fashions with mother-and-daughter team-ups, sells under the "Jacqueline L" label. Particularly nice here are beige corduroy flared culottes for little girls, with teaming waistcoats in a fine beige, brown and orange striped pincord; and for boys, well tailored bermuda shorts in navy corduroy with matching waistcoats, the pockets studded with silver cowboy stars.

Aphrodite fashions are on sale in some forty shops throughout the country, and also direct from the factory in Tel Aviv, at 21 Syrklin Street.

Aphrodite is not alone in having

turned to childrenswear as the best-selling fashion item these inflation-ridden days. Fashion manufacturers know from experience that, however tight adult fashion budgets may be, the combination of the proud parent and growing child syndrome means that childrenswear purchases suffer less from tough economic situations than adult equivalents. The number of shops and manufacturers catering for children's fashions has almost doubled in the past year.

Many of the manufacturers whose booming business in jeans has finally started to wane have also turned over part of their production to junior fashions. In general, both here and abroad, they are preparing to tighten their belts and, in order to weather the present slump in fashion sales, tending to turn to sportswear which is wearable and versatile. It may be sound policy, it will probably eliminate a lot of fashion "fads" and "gimmicks" and it may also make the winter fashion scene sensible—but slightly dull.

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in dairy, and teaming up on the baseball diamond. Touches of slightly adulterated Americana.



spare time on the kibbutz lawns, and a browse through the well-stocked library, which includes many magazines from the U.S.



ation at Gezer and some proper observance of Shabbat I just couldn't have come here otherwise.

David agrees. But why, if they attach such importance to an American expression of Jewishness, did they have to come to Israel? Like David and Sally, most of the others in their group were active in the Jewish youth revival in the U.S., a form of ethnic consciousness-raising that grew out of the civil rights struggle in the 1960s. They read magazines such as *Response* and *Moment*, attended the Conservative Ramah camps, worked in the "Network" of the Jewish student movement, organized programmes, debates, and lectures, demonstrated when necessary and in some instances joined *havrutot*, centres for prayer, study and Jewish communal life. With so much activity

and variety available in the U.S. — and little of it particularly oriented towards Zionism — why did they come to Israel?

Mainly, David says, because the Jewish youth revival is losing its youth. "The *havrutot* are folding up, and the Movement people have either joined the Jewish establishment or have dropped out of Jewishness altogether. A lot of those radical Jewish students are tenure-conscious professors these days."

Beyond that, David doesn't see a new generation to take their place. He admits to feeling "some distance" from the Jewish freshmen on the campuses. David, himself now 20, says, "The new generation is very straight. Concerned about schooling, getting a job, maybe having a little fun. That seems a dead end to me. It's why I'm at Gezer."

ARE THESE newcomers in fact

making aliyah to Gezer, and not to Israel? David admits he is very unhappy with the "political drift" in Israel, and he is far from thrilled about the prospect of serving in the Army. A Gezer veteran and former kibbutz secretary, 28-year-old Renee Pulver Stadd, says such an attitude is not really new among the settlers at the kibbutz.

"When people leave Gezer," she says, "they almost never go elsewhere in Israel. They're not interested in trying anything else here. It's always back to the States. We'd like our members to have a strong commitment to the Jewish State, but certainly we can't force the idea. For some people, Zionism simply equals Gezer, and it has to be left at that."

Nevertheless, Renee finds much to admire in the "new generation" that has just arrived at the kib-

butz. "They have ideals and especially a strong attachment to Judaism, and that background is going to do us all a lot of good. It makes me feel the rough times are over. People still leave Gezer — as they leave any kibbutz — but it no longer traumatizes the community. I have the definite feeling that, well, Gezer shall not fall again."

She reflects for a moment. We're sitting in the club room, and the members around us are quietly leafing through *Rolling Stone* and *Sports Illustrated*.

"You know," Renee reminisces, "the first wave of the present Gezer came out of the student revolt of the 1960s. None of us had ever held a job for more than six months. For most of us, Gezer was our first permanent commitment. Some didn't stick with it — but enough did. The same will be true of the new groups coming

here — but I think they're even more settled and serious than we were on the whole."

If they are post-rebellion, they are also a post-Zionist youth movement. They are neither fluttering after the freaky nor directed towards pioneering in the desert — or, heaven forbid, helping settle the areas over the "green line." No, they are something else again. And with their baseball and their traditional American Conservative Judaism, the new settlers at Gezer give the place a kind of mild and middle-class atmosphere.

YET THERE IS little of the middle class about David Twersky — three-year Gezer veteran, leftist theoretician and something of the ideological daddy of the kibbutz. Twersky in fact embodies some of the oldest kibbutz ideals by combining physical labour on the land with intellectual endeavour. As the only Gezer member allowed occasional time away from the farm to work outside the kibbutz — and the permission was granted unanimously — Twersky serves as co-editor of the English version of the Kibbutz Movement's prestigious literary journal, *Shalom*. Now, as we walk his rounds on guard duty one Friday night, David gives his overview of Gezer.

"If there's anything at all unique about this place," he says, shifting his Uzi from one shoulder to the other, "it's in the idiosyncratic character of the particular American generation that's settling here. Ironies abound, in that we come from a highly materialistic, mobile, even selfish culture. And we obviously want an alternative to all that."

Although David personally has little affinity with Gezer's tilt towards *kashrut* and Sabbath services, he approves of them. "They're indicative of the seriousness, the commitment, the quest for fulfillment among our members. And Jewish practice serves as a stabilizing and even saving factor when young Americans have to struggle to fit their ideals and aspirations to the kibbutz reality."

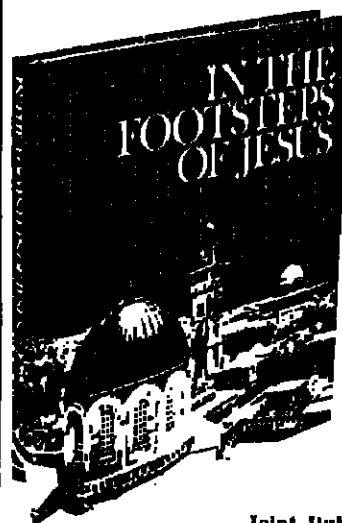
Back at the dining hall, the kibbutz has gathered to entertain itself with a cabaret programme. A *minyan* met earlier for services, but now the members, candidates and guests are bringing out the guitars; tomorrow, some will attend prayers and others will rest up for the weekly ball game. Presumably, some will participate in both.

Now, as we sip beer and munch crackers, members take turns under the spotlight and do Woody Guthrie, Bob Dylan and the like. Someone even sings an old Dust Bowl ditty about Herbert Hoover. Two girls perform sketches in pantomime. Twersky reads an anarchist paean by Vachel Lind-say. The fun goes on beyond 1 a.m. Occasionally, some Hebrew intrudes, but not very often.

With its still small membership, Gezer can't justify bringing in the entertainers who ride the kibbutz circuit. And although Gezer is located right between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, trips to cultural spots in either city are expensive. So they usually entertain themselves like this, to their own taste and style. It's quirky and quaint and, to use Twersky's word, idiosyncratic. Yet there's so much good feeling generated that one can't help thinking that it's perfectly right — and that Gezer is right to fashion just the kind of kibbutz it wants. And the kibbutz it wants seems to be working well. □

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EMANUEL



Emanuel Hatzofe in his studio and, (below) in dark shirt with back to camera, on the tug he commanded at Abu Rhodet. (Photos: Millman, Yehiel.)



Helga Dudman

WHY DOES a captain leave his ship after 30 years at sea to become a sculptor?

Possible answers might be: Because he is that rare bird, the master of his fate and the captain of his soul. Or — since this is an Israeli captain and sculptor — because the age of Palyam pioneering is past and the age of galleries is upon us.

On the other hand, the question might raise further and unanswerable queries. Such as, Who is a free man? And even, Whither art?

Emanuel Hatzofe was born in Tel Aviv in 1925, his grandfather, to whom he was very attached, was born in Rosh Pina. As a boy, Emanuel knew exactly what his two interests in life were: art, and the sea. So the first thing would be to go to sea. His family did not approve. "Why in the world should you be a sailor?" his grandfather asked. "Your father was not a sailor, I was not a sailor."

But Emanuel went off to Haifa anyway in 1942 and enrolled in the nautical school. During classes he did a good bit of doodling, which prompted his teachers to say, "Why in the world are you going to be a sailor and not an artist?" At their suggestion, he enrolled one summer at the Bezalel Academy in Jerusalem. But since Emanuel was an idealistic member of Hashomer Hatzair, this could be only a temporary indulgence. A Jerusalem sculptor with whom he spent much time

observed, "What a pity that a good artist is going to become a mediocre sailor."

However, he rose to the top at sea, though not before leaving his ship in 1948, joining the Palmah, and being wounded at Kiryat Shmona. In the two decades that followed, he saw the world. He married a Tel Aviv girl whom he met in the Cafe Kassit. Today he has a grandson aged two, and a son aged two. This is not all that unusual these days, except that in Emanuel's case there is only one wife involved.

He made up his mind, he explains — after, one imagines, quite a number of girls in quite a number of ports — that when he married, it would be for just one time. His married daughter is studying graphics; his teenage son plans to join an elite combat unit in the Army, which pleases Emanuel.

For eight years, before coming to rest at his Jaffa studio, he was at Abu Rhodet, piloting a tug that brought in oil tankers. He thinks he may be one of the few Netivi Neft alumni who did not come home rich. He is entitled to wear the Merit Badge for having been fired by Motti Friedman, and still has a legal case pending against Friedman for compensation due.

THE STUDIO and its beautifully tended little courtyard, all of which he refurbished himself, is on Rehov Hashahaf and not in artists' Jaffa. It is an island far removed from the sea of Israel's troubles. His neighbours are Arab fishermen with whom he shares an endless topic of conversation: the sea. Yet he is well

remembered as a captain who owed nothing to anybody. Recently the Army magazine "BeMahane" sent a reporter to his studio, to sit among the kneeling nudes and embracing couples, and a number of versions of crawling babies, to ask Emanuel what he thought of the strident seamen's and officers' unions. He was not "for" or "against" either side, the sculptor told the reporter, the whole system must be changed — the system in the merchant marine, and in the whole country as well. At his studio everything is shipshape, with a tidiness born of years of discipline and limited space at sea. There are lovingly cultivated plants. And it is isolated. No telephone.

"Here," says Emanuel, "I'm master of my ship." Home, though, is North Tel Aviv, where he joins his family in the evening. Saturdays, the family comes to Jaffa, and the baby plays among the marble, the bronze and the wood forms, and the tools.

To me, one of Emanuel's most endearing qualities is his refusal to deal in the kind of verbiage that is so much part of the art scene these days, and in fact part of every scene. Asked to describe the essence of his sculpture, he answers immediately, "I don't know." He has had plenty of time for reflection, and endless horizons. Yet he says, "If you ask me now why I went to sea — I don't know."

THE LAST thing I have any wish to do is judge Emanuel's sculpture in art-criticism terms. I have grave doubts whether this gets us anywhere. Many artists do not seem at all clear about where they are going, though they are perfectly happy to keep their car in at cocktail parties.

Should artists (writers included) have more integrity (cocktail-party-wise, verbiage-wise) than other people? Somehow, I think so, though I don't want to be too pressed on this. Maybe it is just a way of earning a living, like everything else, and the main thing is to have the right gallery contacts.

But Emanuel, for reasons of his own, or perhaps because the sea has made him strong and silent, keeps away from this game. He even keeps away from observing the work of other artists. Who is to say whether he loses or gains from this isolation? Whether he has found an exceptional degree of freedom? Or whether, Israeli life being what it is, he has dropped out? And whether, whatever the decision, it rests on the patience and support of an unusually understanding wife?

Such questions may be both unanswerable and irrelevant. The fact is that Emanuel's work is carried by the Shulamit Gallery in Jaffa, and the Hadassah K. Gallery and in the Hilton Gallery in Tel Aviv. Abroad, he has shown at the Hammer Gallery in New York and at the Norbert Blesser Gallery in Dusseldorf. Art criticism in German, I decided after reading the glossy catalogue's foreword by Helma Belsker, sounds even better than it does in English.

This start is promising because sculpture is not nearly as obligatory in the culture-oriented home as are paintings on the wall, and therefore not nearly as easy to sell. In the case of Emanuel's work, the fascinating fourth dimension is the man's biography. The most literary thing he said to me when I visited the studio was, "The first day I became a captain. I knew I was free. And that was the day I started to carve wood."

Baronial Jews

SMIVHAN HA-HERUT: BE-TOLDOT PAHEIM YAHADUT AMERIKAN 1925-1987
תולדות אהדות אמריקאית 1925-1987
by Robert A. Rockaway
עברית: יצחק שחן
English: Robert A. Rockaway
Tel Aviv, 348 pp.
\$10 price stated.

Robert A. Rockaway

ONE OF THE difficulties in teaching American Jewish history to Israelis has been the paucity of sound scholarly studies on the subject in Hebrew.

This problem was recognized a number of years ago by the Institute of Contemporary Jewry, which made translations of works on American Jewry by historians Jacob Marcus and Bertram Korn available to the Hebrew-reading public.

Once again the Institute has provided a great service by publishing, in conjunction with the American Jewish Historical Society, a Hebrew translation of writings in American Jewish history by the eminent historian, Leo Baron.

Steered by Adversity consists of six essays dealing with different aspects of the American Jewish experience. The first is a revised version of an address delivered by Prof. Baron to a gathering of the American Jewish Historical Society in 1980. It summarizes the shortcomings then evident in the field of American Jewish history.

Although great advances have been made in the last generation, a number of the deficiencies cited — underfunding, a dearth of critical works on Jewish philanthropic organizations, of Jewish migration studies, and of cultural histories of American Jewry — still exist.

The essay remains valuable today for its succinct analysis of major weaknesses in American Jewish historiography.

before the Declaration of Independence. Thus, says Baron, the changes wrought by the American Revolution in the status of the Jews were more a matter of principle and psychology than of actual practice.

"From Colonial Mansion to Skyscraper: An Emerging Pattern of Hebraic Studies," traces the development of Hebraic and Judaic studies in the U.S.

Before the middle of the 19th century, the study of Hebraica languished in America. This was due in large part to the fact that the country contained few Jews, and what Jews there were possessed little Jewish learning.

This situation began to change in the last decades of the 19th century, as a result of two factors: the large Jewish immigration to the U.S., which brought in its wake a number of well-trained scholars, rabbis and teachers; and the American people's broadening interest in foreign countries and civilizations.

By the 1940s, a total of 124 American institutions of higher learning offered courses in Hebrew language and literature, Jewish history and religion. By 1987, eight years after the establishment of the State of Israel, the figure had almost doubled to 245. And in 1986, 92 institutions were offering full-time instruction in Jewish studies.

At the time the paper was published in 1984, Prof. Baron was optimistic about the continued growth of Jewish studies in America. He buttressed his conclusions by pointing to the heightened interest in the subject and the increasing availability of qualified personnel. The past decade justified his optimism, as Jewish studies programmes were established in universities across the States.

Today, however, there are signs that the peak may have been reached. But only time will tell whether the next 10 years match up to the last 10.

THE ESSAY entitled "American Jewish Communal Pioneering" explores the ways in which the Jews adapted their communal institutions to the new environment and conditions in America. En-



countering a situation totally different from their previous experience in Europe, they fashioned communal responses that were innovative while maintaining a link with past traditions.

The community's most significant achievements were in social welfare and charitable acts. The federation movement, especially, combined the fund-raising activities of many charitable societies. Indeed, Jews and non-Jews alike still benefit from Jewish welfare.

"Palestinian Messengers in America, 1849-1879: A Record of Four Journeys," is an exposition of the records kept by three successive shadarim (messengers) — Aaron Sellig (1849-50); Abraham Nissim (1861-62); and Nathan Neta Notkin (1867-69, 1876-79) — sent to the U.S. to collect funds for needy Jews in Eretz Yisrael.

The records of donations kept by these messengers, their occasional diaries and travel notes, and their reports to the authorities back home constitute invaluable sources of information for the history of both Palestinian and Diaspora Jewry.

By referring to contemporary sources, such as American Jewish periodicals, Prof. Baron amplifies and elucidates the original data so

as to provide additional information on this communal activity and on those individuals active in the young Jewish communities in the New World.

THE LAST — and longest — essay is entitled "United States 1880-1914." It covers a wide range of topics — population and migration; American attitudes toward the newcomers; the economic, political and legal status of the Jews, as well as an overview of the many spheres of Jewish communal life — and presents a comprehensive and lucid survey of the American Jewish community during the era of the great migration of East European Jews to North America.

Adding to the study's value are 34 pages of notes, which include an invaluable bibliography of sources for those interested in pursuing the subject further.

Taken as a whole, the book provides Israeli readers with a first-rate Hebrew translation of a number of classic essays on American Jewish history by one of the great Jewish historians of our age. □

Dr. Rockaway is a senior lecturer in the Department of Jewish History and head of the Overseas Student Unit, Tel Aviv University.

Soviets look South

IN THE DIRECTION OF THE GULF: The Soviet Union and the Persian Gulf by A. Yodfat and M. Abir. London, Frank Cass, 187 pp. £8.95

Nissim Rejwan

ONE OF THE saving graces of this book is that it is much more than just another ungainly enquiry into the motives and goals of "Soviet Policy in the Middle East." To start with, the Persian Gulf, with its oil and its strategic position as a passageway between the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, is of more concern to Moscow than the rest of the Arab Middle East. Moreover, the authors extend their research to include aspects of domestic, inter-Arab and international issues related to the Gulf, the Red Sea region and the Horn of Africa.

Soviet interest in the Middle East generally, and in the Persian Gulf especially, remains largely "negative" in the sense that it seeks, in the context of super-power rivalry, to prevent the U.S. and the Western alliance from benefiting from a firm presence there.

Even oil, to which the authors pay much attention as a factor in Moscow's policies, is in itself of little interest to the Soviet Union at this point. As they write in their concluding remarks, Soviet interest in the Gulf region has been growing in recent years "because of its proximity and strategic location and irrespective of its oil."

Even though they have been losing ground in other parts of the Middle East, the policy-makers in Moscow estimate correctly that this does not affect their ability to operate in the Indian Ocean, and a foothold of some kind in the Gulf would help considerably.

SOVIET AIMS in the Indian Ocean are also in a sense "negative." First, there are purely defensive purposes; secondly, and no less important, the Russians want to be in a position to threaten the maritime lanes through which the Gulf oil is transported to the West. As Abir and Cass write, "The importance of this leverage increases in direct relation to the rapid growth of the United States' dependence on Gulf oil."

The U.S.S.R.'s presence in the vicinity of the Gulf will become more important, and its objectives more "positive," when Moscow's own need for imported oil begins to be felt.

Dealing with an area of the world that is at once little known and rapidly growing in importance, this book should prove of much help to the general reader as well as to students of the Middle East. Some of the opinions expressed by the authors in passing, such as calling South Yemen "the Cuba of the Middle East," would have been better left unaid. In the Gulf, and in the Middle East as a whole, loyalties and alignments tend to change as rapidly as the area's much-maligned shifting sands. □

Historical prints

JERUSALEM, IN OLD ENGRAVINGS AND ILLUSTRATIONS edited by Ely Schiller. Jerusalem, Ariel Publishing House, 198 pp. IL100.

Leah Abramowitz

ARIEL has done for 19th century Jerusalem what the publishers of Gibbon did for the Roman Empire. In a series of reproduced books and travelogues, this modest publishing house has over the years fed an increasing public appetite for knowledge of the unfolding of Israel's capital.

This outstanding collection of some 300 illustrations and engravings, beautifully produced, gives a unique panorama of the Holy City as seen through the eyes of 19th century artists, chosen for their varied style and charm as much as for the fact that their work vividly represents a changing

ing portrait of Jerusalem.

The earliest pictures are by the German artist Ludwig Mayer, and are almost primitive in form. Jerusalem is all but unrecognizable, and the figures are mediaeval.

In contrast is the romantic but authentic and meticulously delineated work of David Roberts and of William Bartlett, both well known. Their scenic views are particularly striking, and appear on many gaily coloured postcards and on calendar art sold in souvenir shops.

Even more detailed and exact, but with less feeling, are the works of Samuel Manning and E. Pierotti, who were clearly influenced by the development of photography. Pierotti's print of David's Tower makes it look like a fortress, not just an archaeological landmark.

The most beautiful and



graphically true-to-life pictures are those done by Charles Wilson's illustrator. He captures the pulse of the busy mercantile centre at Jaffa Gate; the melancholy decay of the Jewish Quarter through a rooftop view; and a weird, haunted atmosphere at Wady Kelt, reminiscent of El Greco. Only P. Loriet deals more descriptively with human subjects, showing details of dress and

occupation.

The same themes recur. The favourite subjects seem to have been the Temple Mount, the Tomb of the Kings (now hardly visited), the Holy Sepulchre (all the illustrators were Christians, some even clergymen), and the Golden Gate. The same street which E. Finden portrayed as moody and misty looks stark, almost surrealistic to W. Tipping. In Tipping's pictures one feels that it is a city of ruin rather than of beauty.

One is struck by the wide expanse of open land outside the city walls and the casual way of life indicated by the slow, plodding camel riders outside the Tower of David (Roberts).

C. Geikie, the most recent artist (1903), shows scenes outside the wall. His illustrations, which are more modern than the others, include a poignant view of the "real" Kotel and of the "poor Jews" who were a barely tolerated minority at the beginning of the 19th century, but became the capital's largest and most flourishing community by the end of it. □

מקדון האל

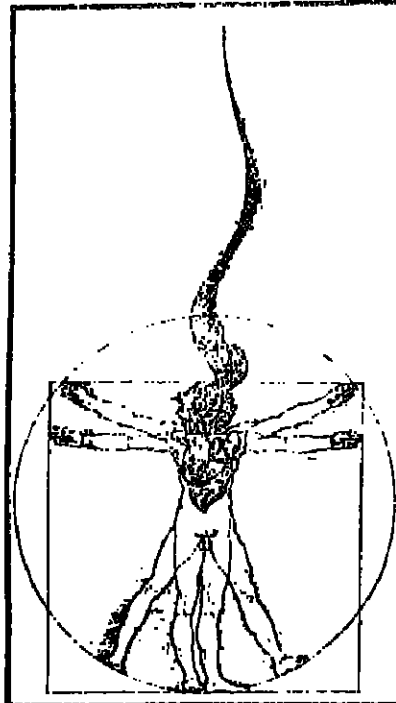
Sydenham cinder

FIRE FROM HEAVEN: A Study of spontaneous combustion in human beings by Michael Harrison. London, Pan Books. 287 pp. 80p.

Wim van Leer

IT NEVER RAINS but what it pours. Recently, I was taking the mickey out of an item in *The Book of Lists* entitled "R Cases of Spontaneous Human Combustion." This week my editor dumps on my desk a whole best-selling book on the subject. Now just what is Spont-Comb, or the Fire from Heaven or SHC?

There you are, sitting of an evening next to your old friend Schuldig, discussing our mutual friend Dry Bones, sipping our "glass-ten" and, all of a sudden, through the wall comes this here blue ball of fire, oval in shape of course, emitting concentric bugaboo noises, making straight for Schuldig. Blue flames spurt from his legs. "Schuldig," I shout, "cup the flame with your hand, deprive it of oxygen! Remember Professor Hamilton of Nashville, Tennessee, the only person to have survived the Fire from Heaven!" "Noshville," groans Schuldig. "Is a knish parlour in the Bronx." And next thing you know he is incinerated to a crisp black cinder. Schuldig a ball of fire — who would have believed it! That is, Schuldig himself — his shirt, pants, *tschtonim* and shoes are not even singed. So what is wrong with *Tuxeret Ha'aretz*?



And it is happening all the time, with over 2,000 cases on record. How come I never heard of it?

I phone my friend, Professor H., our local burn specialist. "Spontaneous Human Combustion? Never heard of it. Haystacks yes, humans no." "But, Herr Professor..." The phone is dead. Dead? My God, the Fire of Heaven! Frantically I dial. "Professor, are you alright?" "Yes. Are you?" The phone clicks off. Of course, Mr. Harrison has warned me. There is this

world-wide conspiracy to keep SHC a secret from mankind. The coroners, police, the medical profession, the press — all in cahoots. As, obviously, is Professor H. Thank God for the Harrison of this world.

AND IT HAS been around for quite a while. In fact it starts, like so many things, with Genesis: "And God said, 'Let there be light' and there was light." But in the hands of Mr. Harrison we have a clear case of SHC.

"The reader is here reminded that sound... is an outpouring of energy and sound, like light, equals energy." Therefore, the Word of God, being energy, is a ball of fire. Of course, "His Word has other technological applications, like the opening of 'sonar locks' in 'Open, Sesame'. Maybe Father Divine (the of the Harlem Angels) had a point when he proclaimed, 'Ah wasn't born... Ah was combusted'."

And how do you explain the death of John Greely, helmsman on the s.s. *Ulrich*, George Turner, lorry driver at Upton, Cheshire, and Willem ten Bruik at Ubbergen, Holland, at the very same instant, all by fireball? And all in places starting with the letter U. And did you know that the distance from Upton to Ubbergen is the same to the very metre as that from Upton to the s.s. *Ulrich* pushing along the 50th parallel? Of course, they could have many other things in common, like heredity, star signs, even pigmentation."

But how does one explain SHC? Mr. Harrison claims, "It is not inexplicable, merely unexplained... It is not going to bring us any nearer to the desired explanation

if science insists on a too selective choice of its evidence," and he is quite right. All this waffle of "quantifiability, logic and Q.E.D." — who needs it? That's where a drop of faith, imagination and a yen for the mysterious are worth a ton of "so-called facts."

BUT BACK TO the fireballs: Mrs. Reeser, 37, in Florida, 1951 (person and clothing); B.T. Peterson, 27, in Pontiac, Mich. (person incinerated but clothing intact); Mrs. Booley, a cook, whose employers' (seven in all) premises invariably burned down after she had been given notice. She was convicted of arson and some other associated transgressions. Writes Mr. H.: "But when the coroners set their faces resolutely against admitting the phenomenon of SHC, who would speak up for a fire-prone Mrs. Booley?" Who indeed? Again Mr. H. can't leave well enough alone: David Webb, 20, pleaded guilty to arson before a Paddington court. "Despite the plea of guilty to arson, it was an obvious case of SHC plus poltergeist activity."

Of the 2000 documented cases" Mr. H. shares only less than a dozen with us. And where the documentation is not irrelevant (as in the few cases I could check), the evidence positively contradicts his nutty claims. Example: *The British Medical Journal*, Vol. 1, 1938, referred to in the bibliography, quotes Dr. Brend in the *Handbook of Medical Jurisprudence* summing up the view of forensic medicine: "SHC of the body in the sense that the layman attaches to the words, never occurs (my italics), but very rarely, a state of the tissues exists for which Dixon Mann

suggests the terms 'preternatural combustibility'... noticed most frequently in the fat, the bloated and excessive drinkers: most probably inflammable gases are generated after death, and, if a light is near, become inflamed leading to a partial consumption of the soft tissues."

There is, of course, some medical literature on the combustibility of alcoholics. In my fly-ing days I had a boozing colleague who used to take a large sign reading "No smoking — dangerous fumes" when he had to go for his Wasserman, etc., or (as he called it) "to have his alcohol tested for blood content."

In the rhetoric of Mickey Mouse science Mr. H. asks more questions than he answers. My favourite is on page 79: "... Is there any connection between the mass-destruction by fire of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah and the individual destruction, equally by fire and equally complete, of Mrs. Euphemia Johnson, 68, of Sydenham? Is there some causative link, extending over some thousands of years, between Sodom and Sydenham?"

I should hope not. Yet a copy of this book should be on every library shelf as an outstanding example of pseudo-scientific poppycock in all its dubious splendour.

The sad aspect of this assembled drivel is that I am sure there will be people impressed by the wealth of phony detail and bogus bibliography, who will accept Mr. H.'s absurdities as the truth and its detractors as "paid lackeys of conniving authority," amongst them, doubtless, yours truly.

Let us hope that conniving pays better than book-reviewing. □

Matchless Mary

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: Essays and Poems and Simplicity a Comedy edited by Robert Halsband and Isobel Grundy. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 412 pp. £14.50.

Eric J. Frank



THE NAME of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, though perhaps hardly visible from the highway of 18th-century English letters, is familiar to all who have strayed as far as its soft shoulder. Her husband held a diplomatic post in Constantinople for some years, from which vantage point she wrote a series of letters, many of them still highly entertaining. She wrote as an English lady, well aware of her national bias but nevertheless amazingly objective in her amused contemplation of the Turkish scene.

This book reveals Lady Mary in a new light — as an essayist, satirist and verse-writer. The excerpts from her works are preceded by 65 pages of biographical anecdotes by her granddaughter, Lady Louisa Stuart, who gives a just but generous estimate of her grandmother's talent: "Her style, though correct and perspicuous, was unadorned, natural, flowing, spirited; she never used an unnecessary word nor a phrase savouring of affectation; but still she meant to write well and was conscious of having succeeded."

In her prose writings Lady Mary combines a birdlike observation and cheekiness with some distinctly feline attributes. She admits herself to having a coop-

tive ear for scandal, which she retails with such evident zest that even today, when all concerned have been dead and buried for over two centuries, it keeps some of its piquancy. Her account of the court of George I is typically lively and malicious: "The King's character may be comprised in very few words. In private life, he would have been called an Honest Blockhead; and Fortune that made him a King added nothing to his happiness, only prejudiced his honesty and shortened his days."

Lady Mary's most sustained effort in prose appeared (anonymously, like all her other work) in *The Nonsense of Common Sense*, a weekly newspaper of which nine issues survive, each intriguingly subtitled: "To be continued as long as the Author thinks fit and the Publick likes it," and containing a full-length essay by Lady M. Among the topics she covered were the lowering of interest rates, the holding of levees by great men, the plague of rihaldry and slander in journalism, and impudence.

THOUGH Lady Mary liked to think of herself as a poet, most of her verses are very obviously derivative in their inspiration,

and often also in their expression and subject-matter. Her heroic couplets, smoothly and expertly contrived, teem with echoes of Dryden, Pope, Matthew Prior and the rest. Some short lyrical pieces show greater originality. "The Lover," described as a Ballad and portraying the ideal lover, was possibly addressed to a certain Richard Chandler, eldest son of the Bishop of Durham. It contains one famous stanza:

But when the long hours of Public are past
And we meet with Champaign and a Chicken at last,
May every fond Pleasure that hourly endear,
Be banish'd afar both Discretion and Fear,
Forgetting or scorn the Airs of the Crowd
He may cease to be formal, and I to be proud,
Till lost in the Joy we confess that we live
And he may be rude, and yet I may forgive.

Two more items from this collection must be mentioned: a defence of the institution of marriage against the cynical epigram of La Rochefoucauld "that marriages are convenient but never delightful." Here, for once, Lady Mary (herself happily married) is entirely serious and sincere. Lastly, *Simplicity*, a comedy, an English adaptation of Marivaux's play *Le Jeu de l'amour et du hasard*, is done with great skill and reads like an original piece. Well acted and directed, it would make a delightful evening's entertainment even now.

Prof. Halsband and Isobel Grundy have done their editorial work with great thoroughness and accuracy. Their book can be recommended to all who have the time and taste for 18th century England. □

Coal shortage

SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL: Economics as if People Mattered by E.F. Schumacher. New York, Harper and Row. 305pp. \$2.95.

Seymour Freedman



THE AUTHOR, who died last week, was for 20 years top economic adviser and head of planning at the British Coal Board. In *Small is Beautiful*, Schumacher scorns the modern world's obsession with mathematical specification and statistical quantification of economic growth. He wishes us to turn away from the Keynesian world of artificially created and measured consumption to a more human world, in which mankind knows when "enough is enough," and more attention is given to the worker than to his product.

For Schumacher, the principal source of the modern world's confusion of values is its love of "bigness." He condemned the multi-national organizations

which impersonally manipulate their people as things. And as a sponsor of the Fourth World Movement, a British campaign for political decentralization and regionalism, he was especially anxious that the poor countries now experiencing such drastic urbanization would not imitate the technologies of Europe, but would aim at developing small-scale village industries. In these, he hoped, instead of "mass production" there would be "production of the masses."

Schumacher also brought to bear some frightening if familiar evidence on the world's fossil-fuel shortage and the impossibility of substituting nuclear power for it. He estimated that at current rates of use, the world supply of coal will be consumed in 30 years. He argued that if mankind does not do something to slow the pace of the economic growth that gives rise to pollution and higher crime rates, there will be, in the not too distant future, a major catastrophe for mankind.

Unfortunately, Schumacher did not really hint at how a world made up of competing nation-states many of whose sole religion is "more" can come to terms with these problems. Nor did he face the crucial fact that the poorer nations must produce more if they are to feed their ever-increasing populations, that the no-growth economy is a luxury the poor can afford less than the rich.

In some ideal world of the late 21st century, Schumacher's wisdom may be worth serious study; but given the realities of the present situation, it is largely irrelevant. □

Womb to tomb

LANDFALL by Julius Horwitz. New York, Hall, Reinhart & Winston. 205 pp. \$7.95.

Jackie Galaun

LIKE THE Romantic and Early Victorian poets before him, Julius Horwitz believes that children come out of the womb clutching all the secrets of the universe in their clammy little hands. But with the severing of the umbilical cord, a dreadful process is set in motion whereby the child is made to forget those wild and wonderful memories inherited in *utero*. From womb to tomb would seem to be the author's dismal message as he indicates how the infernal machine of post-natal life sets to work in its own lobotomizing fashion, right from the moment when the newborn babe cannot recognize the smell of its mother's deodorized body. This process is completed at school, during which a new memory is grafted on "piece by piece" to the child's mind, resulting in what Horwitz calls "childhood amnesia."

The upper-middle class of Larchmont society, forming the novel's backdrop, shows the net product of such a system in which "ladies in white tennis dresses walk into the Grand Union super-



market with their bottoms showing" during the day and mindlessly sip their Bloody Marys in the club at night.

Elaine, the central consciousness of the novel, is one of those special people who have managed to retain a modicum of

post-natal innocence. In the words of the twice-quoted poem from Tennyson, she is touched "with mystic gleams, / like glimpses of forgotten dreams —."

Knowing her husband is irrevocably one of the lost generation — "He comes to me as though trying to remember whether this is a good or bad habit, like the way he eats globs of cherry vanilla ice cream, wondering whether he should leave it up because he suddenly remembers its cholesterol count" — she formulates a special plan for her son. Wanting to make primal contact with him again and relive the closeness they shared when he was in her womb, she walks into his room after an afternoon of sailing and has sexual intercourse with him. At the climactic moment the husband enters and chaos ensues.

The three then cast off into the salutary waters of the Atlantic, hoping that from this womb-like setting the family unit will re-emerge whole. A classic literary situation is set up — three people encapsulated in space and time — and one awaits the momentous outcome as landfall approaches.

However, in keeping with the rest of the novel, the voyage proves to be another half-baked idea tacked on to a piecemeal plot. Julius Horwitz is not short of bright new ideas, but they don't make it through the barrage of acquired learning that obviously holds great sway over him. So much for pure experience. □



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Semantic thrills

11 BEN GURION by Jack Hoffenberg. New York, Putnam. 476 pp. \$10.

ONE MAN'S MEAT by Colin Watson. London, Eyre, Methuen. 192 pp. £3.50.

Philip Gillon

JACK HOFFENBERG of Baltimore certainly did his homework when preparing to write this thriller about Israel, and nobody can fault his geography. I checked every detail with an eagle eye, but failed to find any gaffes.

On the other hand, I did find his style irritating: while I do not insist that every suspense novel should be written elegantly, I do like subjects and predicates in sentences. And Hoffenberg is a great "hopefully" man. The Arab

terrorists who think, "Hopefully, the patrol jeep would pass by without noticing," provide one of the funniest examples of the misuse of this word, since the Israeli jeep, if capable of hope, probably would have hoped to notice the terrorists. Then there is the hero's son who observes that "his father and mother had shared separate bedrooms for years." This stimulates erotic images of the estranged couple leaping naked from one bedroom to another.

But these are captious criticisms of a thriller in which is action, not style, that counts. Of action there is plenty, as the head of a special Israeli anti-terror squad sets out to foil a brand new group of Arab villains equipped by East Germans with ultra-sophisticated explosives.

A particularly happy invention triggers the action — Israel has discovered vast quantities of oil, and the terrorists plan to blow up

"our" oilfields. The Israelis are by no means supermen, and make numerous mistakes, but fortunately fewer than the Arabs. The long book moves at speed from Israel to Libya, from East Germany to Iraq, and the plot is complex and credible.

One Man's Meat is the latest Flaxborough thriller, about the ingenious Miss Lucilla Teatime and the clever Inspector Furbright. When Miss Teatime is not soliciting funds for non-existent charities, she busies herself bringing to book the scoundrels who infect a small English town, with the Inspector providing her with admirable support.

As happens in most detective stories, the utterly ruthless killers don't bump her off, which is all they need to do to get away with turning charming little doggies into cannibals. Having seen the reaction of many canine pets to the awful pre-processed food they are forced to eat, I am not surprised that the idea of digging into these dubious tins inspired Colin Watson to write this witty book. □

That one talent

THE SOLSTICE MAN by Derry Quinn. London, Harrap Books. 205pp. £3.75.

Daniel Gavron

THIS SPY THRILLER starts off as a fourth-rate imitation of *Le Carré*, but quickly turns into something a good deal better. Archie Snow is a run-down British agent who, for no discernible reason, becomes involved with the CIA, the French DST, an unauthorized French counter-terror group staffed by ex-Tahitian *Toukan-Macoutes*, and (wait for it) the PLO and the Mossad.

In fact, the author is not as ignorant of Israel as are most practitioners of this sort of fiction. (Even the great Len Deighton had his Israeli girl-spy longing to get home for Christmas, and thinking about the orange trees planted by the JNF.) He finally

comes down against the basis of Zionism.

"The greatest moments of Jewish history were in the diaspora, not when wading ankle deep in sacrificial blood in the Temple of Jerusalem," Archie tells the scandalized girl-agent with whom he (inevitably) falls in love.

Nevertheless, he is not unsympathetic to the Jewish cause: rather, a doubting friend, thinking aloud. He is far more severe on the pointless terror tactics of the PLO. The latter, after being helped by the CIA, blow up a jumbo-jet full of Americans on the way to an international conference.

I would not urge you actually to spend money on *The Solstice Man*; but, if you see it lying around, it is certainly worth borrowing. □

Gold of Peru

(All Goldline)

IN THE early decades of the 16th century, at about the same time that Michelangelo was completing his painting of the Last Judgment in the Sistine Chapel, Cortez and Pizarro with their Spanish conquistadores were mercilessly plundering and dismantling the pre-Columbian empires of Mexico, Central and South America.

Although names like Montezuma (the tragic king of the Aztecs), Chichén, Itza, Copán, Machu Picchu, Maya, Inca and the plumed serpent Quetzalcoatl have long been part of our historical vocabulary, it is only within the past 50 years that the archaeology of the Americas has "come of age."

The pre-Spanish agrarian settlements date back to the 8th and 10th centuries BCE when the Olmecs (Mexico) and Chavin (Peru) communities established themselves as the progenitors of the more advanced civilizations in their respective geographical locations. We have come to realize that many rich and inventive ancient Indian cultures flourished and fell long before the dynamic Inca, Maya and Aztec peoples expanded to become the dominating political, military and cultural factors.

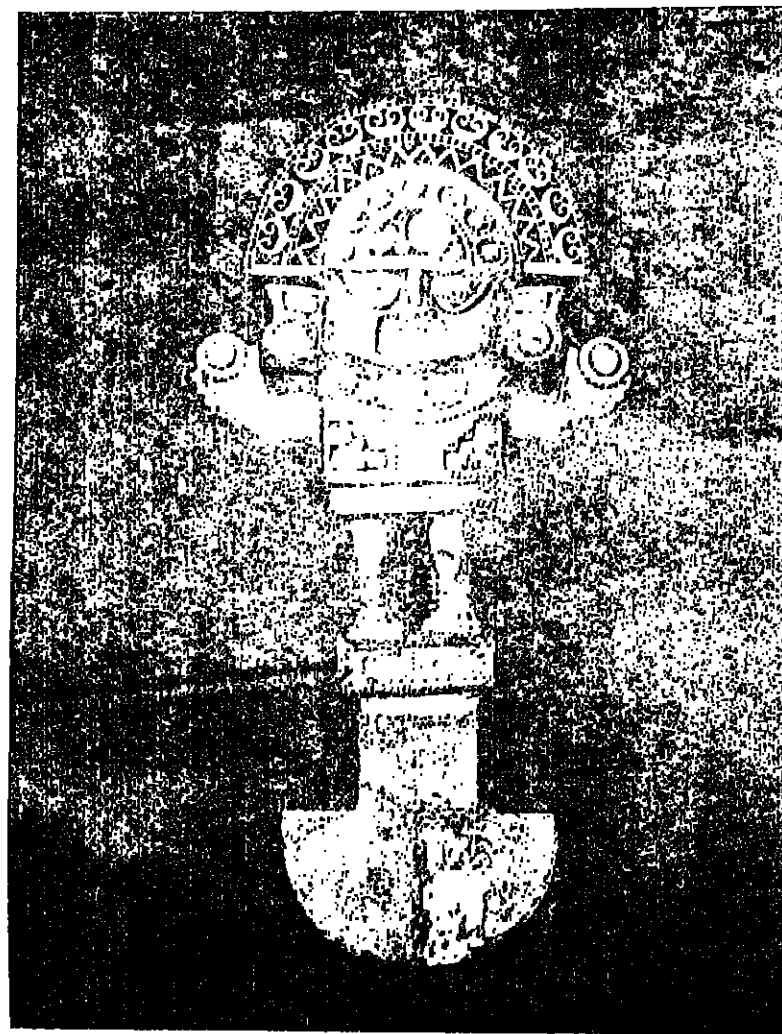
The Tel Aviv Museum this week opened a spectacular exhibition entitled GOLD OF PERU, consisting of 250 items from the Gold Museum in Lima, the official institution responsible for housing the national treasures of pre-Inca and Inca civilizations. Thoughtfully arranging the exhibits in specially constructed cases, the Tel Aviv Museum's curatorial staff have wisely augmented them with written historical material, maps, site photographs, comparisons with other crafts, films and an audio-visual presentation.

We learn that the Incas, despite their grand architectural achievements, were not especially endowed with artistic skills. Nor were they craftsmen of the first order. They were great administrators and politicians and excellent soldiers. And like the Romans, they allowed their conquered subjects to pursue their traditional and regional way of life, while tapping and removing to their capital cities the skilled and talented individuals (who in turn would adapt themselves to the stylistic demands of the Incas).

This fact is borne out by the disproportionate amount of objects that are pure Inca as compared, for instance, to the works of the Chimu, who were the greatest goldsmiths of pre-Spanish Peru and were eventually overcome by Inca might.

Vicus, Paracas, Nazca, Moche and Tiahuanaco, all pre-Inca cultures, are represented by a rich variety of forms, from the simplest needle to elaborate death masks and magnificent ponchos and breast-plates. They produced, basically, a funeral art, connected with the ritual of burying people with their belongings. Almost all the gold objects on display were discovered in tombs, from the barren Pacific coastline to the high Andes.

Like other primitive peoples, the Indians of Mexico and South America developed their art



"Tumi" ceremonial knife, gold set with turquoise, Chimu. From the "Gold of Peru" exhibition at the Tel Aviv Museum.

motifs along naturalistic lines, creating figurative and decorative patterns based on the magical and fearsome aspects of their environment. Art and worship were synonymous. We witness a continual repetition of symbolic suns, stylized jaguars to celebrate the feline cult, and numerous mythological images, including animals, fishes and birds, as well as hieratic decorative patterns.

GOLD WAS being used in the early Vicus culture (300 BCE-200 CE) and beautifully wrought by the talented Moche for the next 600 years; but it was only under the Chimu (1000 CE-1460 CE) that goldsmithing reached its peak. The highlights of the exhibition date from this period. Noteworthy are the very important "Tumi," ceremonial knives depicting sculpted bird-men with filigreed headdress and decorated with inlaid turquoise and gold beads.

A Chimu death-mask produced from a single rolled sheet is embellished with 14 tear-drop ornaments hanging from the eyes. The piece, which was originally painted a deep red, is considered to be archaeological evidence of the culture's lack of concern for the metal's intrinsic worth.

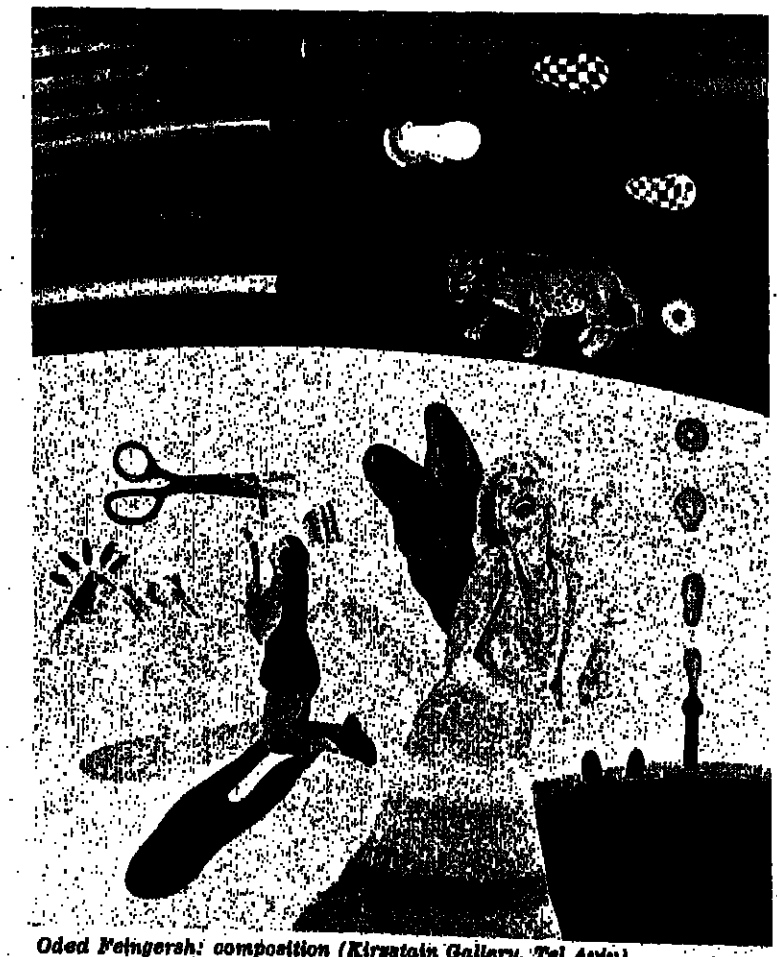
The artistic skill of the Chimu goldsmiths is evident from a collection of orejones, Spanish earplugs worn only by the upper class. One typical pair depicts human figures in a mosaic pattern inlaid with chrysocolla, turquoise, lapis lazuli, and red, white and brown shells.

A unique item is a Tiahuanaco cotton poncho with warmly-toned geometric patterns and small gold disks flickering around the borders.

In order to achieve a special refinement, Peruvian craftsmen gilded copper or alloyed gold with silver or platinum. Objects, if not functionally solid, were designed hollow. Methods of fabrication ranged from "lost-wax" casting to embossing, relief carving, pressing and rolling.

When compared with the intricate and lavish temple decoration or the elegantly painted and sculpted ceramics, the gold items appear to be fundamental in execution and plan. But it is exactly this quality that sets them apart as aesthetic accomplishments. The originality, simplicity and unrefined character of line, volume and low relief are unified into basic earthy statements related to a people's need to interpret supernatural belief.

Although there is a great deal of duplication in the showcases this kind of exhibition comes our way only once in a long while. It is highly recommended (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd., Tel Aviv). Till Nov. 1. □



Oded Feingersh: composition (Kirstein Gallery, Tel Aviv).

Shows in T.A. & J'lem

Meir Ronnen

ODED FEINGERSH never fails to excite one's interest: his current show of oils and gouaches summon up a new set of images, some perhaps arbitrary, like the birds and leopards, though no doubt a Freudian analyst would make something of them. The matches, fingernails and tongued ice-cream cones are more readily understood. The colour and many of the male-female figures are quite pop, the rendering and composition almost naïve, despite the inclusion of decorative Yellow Submarine motifs. Feingersh achieves something of a synthesis of contemporary angst: he is a spiritual heir of Richard Lindner (Kirstein Gallery, Rehov Gordon, Tel Aviv). Till end Sep.

RUTH ORON shows highly skilled and printed colour photography, studies of the houses, people, dumps and flowers around us, with an eye for the "artistic-exotic" and primary colours in odd places. One simple negative is printed in four different ways, one of them almost a cubist painting. Despite occasional use of close-up-shallow-depth-of-focus, Oron's approach is that of thousands of other highly skilled photographers to be found around the world. She lacks an artistic or conceptual credo, a personal point of view (Belt Manya Bialik, Rehov Bialik 22, Tel Aviv). Till Sep. 19.

BUKY SCHWARTZ makes fascinating sculptures out of nothing: some isometric projections painted on floor and wall and assembled in a TV monitor; photographs and an explanation will appear in these columns next week. (Gallery Julie M., Glikson 7 Tel Aviv).

S. ROSENSHTEIN, who came here four years ago from Russia, is a casualty of his times, a highly skilled academic painter of portraits, landscapes and genre of occasional expressionist bent, all mixed in the illustrative realism

of the time-stopped prison from which he recently escaped. But the shackles are still there. However, to see him at his best, study the colour and brush strokes of the compelling face in No. 8 (Jerusalem Artists House). Till Sep. 28.

ADEER CAMAL is a Druse from Daliat el Carmel who produces pen and ink drawings of his village, some nicely formalised, others religio-romantic, with a few surrealist and fantastic realist overtones. There are also some works in pen and wash or watercolour, some of them tondos that seem inspired by Islamic or Persian ceramics. (Jerusalem Artists House).

IDKA is a painter of Turkish-Jewish origin living in Paris. Her current show of paintings on paper, most of them atmospheric gouaches, is made up of Greek and Parisian landscapes in a sweet though skilled impressionist manner, but she is clearly at her best with skillfully painted vases of flowers (Nora Gallery, Malmou 9, Jerusalem). Till Oct. 4. □

New Halfa venue

"QUARTET," though not all new work, is a very credible inaugural show for the new gallery of Halfa's Khoushy Centre, which fills a long-felt need. It is to be hoped that the standard will be maintained and not descend to the frequently deplorable level seen in the old accommodation. Of EISENWASSER'S work, the viewer prefers the two large pop acrylics and those etchings reflecting a connecting style, "Solitude" (6) and "Outside Dream Beautiful" (8).

ROTHMAN'S etchings belong to his well known album "Meditations in Time of War," black-and-white yet a white roughened over to produce shadows and volume; the general effect is of abstract photography. REISMAN has concentrated on portraits which, of course, attenuate his minimalism; they still lack sufficient individuality the best being "Woman". KIRZNER'S brown varnished, massive wood sculpture varies between the abstract and the formalised. Choice to the formalised torso "Woman" (Abba Khoushy Community Centre, Halfa). Till Sep. 22.

JACQUES HELLER shows smallish, at times near-miniatures, of fantastic landscapes both in black and white and oils. For example, a frequent motif is the tree-like post with arms and hands placed in the middle of the road. As drawings they are efficiently composed; and seem even better as normal landscapes; see the bare trees of (5) and the trees and cypresses, with ground shadows (11). Heller's oils do not seem to be at perfect ease in balancing form and colour on the same terms; the best is (16). A second and rather deeper theme is based on abstract rectangles, simply and competently stated in a dark blue interior giving on to nowhere (24). A flower in a slender blue vase standing in a rectangular corner on a shining tiled surface is attractive (Danya Art Gallery, Halfa). Till Sep. 17. □

E. HARRIS

Stimulating effort at the Khan Theatre

IN CASTING a critical mind back over the past season, one finds that it was the Jerusalem Khan Theatre that gave evidence of the most imaginative repertoire policy in the country. Not one of the plays presented there could be regarded as routine, of the type shown by the larger and older companies. And though the results often fell short of the intentions, the Khan gave its audiences the kind of stimulus no other company did.

One of its better productions was *The Emigrants*, by the Polish playwright Slawomir Mrozek, himself an emigré. The two characters in the play are Poles living in a shared room in Germany. One is a simple peasant trying to save enough money to go back home and buy a new house; the other is an intellectual seeking for the free air of the West. Disappointed and bitter, he uses his room-mate as a foil and target for his venom. The dialogue is an exact, detailed study of the deterioration of a man who has cut himself off from his roots and lost his compass. The play is being carried over to the next season.

Another production the Khan is carrying over to the coming season was *Marathon*, by the Belgian, Claude Confortes. The title of the play is literal; it is about men participating in a long-distance race, and it explores the motives which led the three characters into this cruel and unusual self-punishment.

What the author comes up with is not so interesting, but the action of the play — three men constantly running — is fascinating, and director Jonathan Merzer, also from Belgium, gave it an exciting visual texture and rhythm.

The Khan succeeded less well with *Fanshen*, by the British playwright David Hare, a repertoire on life in a Chinese village under the revolution. It was an honest, serious attempt to show the process of "fanshen," the changes a person has to undergo in order to become a well-integrated citizen of Communist China. Hanan Snir's direction was



(Left to right) Seft Rivlin, Sael Sa'ad and Avi Penini in the Khan Theatre's production of Confortes' 'Marathon.'

competent, and the acting on the whole acceptable, but the chopped-up, schematic structure of the play aroused no excitement.

Nor was there much of that in the long-awaited *Plugh! Or Precious Moments from the Family Album* by Naphtali Yavin, the Israeli playwright-director who died in London in mysterious circumstances at an early age. True to its subtitle, *Plugh!* consisted of a series of scenes from the life of what the author regarded as a typically bourgeois Israeli family, i.e., dull, pretentious, utterly materialistic people. The scenes were uneven in their treatment and interest, and Hillel

THEATRE Mendel Kohansky

Ne'eman's dedicated direction could not produce meaning where there was none.

IN SHARP CONTRAST to the Khan, the Beersheba Theatre clung to time-honoured plays in a policy evidently intended to help the citizens of the Negev city catch up with Tel Aviv. There was a pleasant evening of Chekhov's often performed short plays, an indifferent production of *Enter-*

turning Mr. Sloane, the Joe Orton play about the lower species of life in contemporary England, and three classics.

Lorca's *The House of Bernarda Alba*, a stark play about maternal tyranny and sexual suppression in traditional rural Spain, was probably the best of the theatre's productions this year. The atmosphere was tense and loaded with foreboding as the all-female cast, under the direction of Yoram Falk, performed with obvious sincerity and conviction.

Parallel with the all-female cast of *Bernarda Alba*, the Beersheba Theatre presented Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* with an all-male

cast, the charming Olivia and Viola played by handsome, lithe young men in proper get-up. The entire production was one gay romp (double entendre intended), staged by Hanan Snir with style and wit as surprise followed surprise.

The theatre did worse with a modern classic, Brecht's *Threepenny Opera*, which seemed too much for the meagre resources of the company. The huge spectacle, calling for a large cast and many changes of scene, looked inadequate when not downright shabby on the stage of Beersheba's Beit Ha'am.

THE TEL AVIV Tzavta Club introduced something new this past season by producing shows of its own instead of only playing host to others. However, this laudable attempt to give a hearing to playwrights and directors who cannot get a hearing elsewhere did not have such laudable results — with one notable exception.

Kaspar, by the world-famous but here unknown Austrian playwright Peter Hantke, was given an excellent staging by Motti Sandak, his first major production. There was an equally excellent performance by Asher Zarfaty, also playing his first major role. The production was one of the season's highlights.

THIS REVIEW would not be complete without a mention of the foreign companies that performed here in the Spring Festival of the Jerusalem Theatre. The guests from Germany, England, Italy, Austria, France — were generally on a higher level than the one to which we are accustomed, and were topped by the Berlin Schiller Theatre's *Waiting for Godot*, directed by Beckett himself. This was a truly unforgettable experience: one of the greatest, if not the greatest, plays of our times, in a faultless production which brought out all the wealth of meaning hidden there. □

(Review of a three-part review of the Theatre Season)

THE EINSTEIN-ERVINKE Method came into the world some time ago — to be precise: in the 23rd minute of the Bulgaria-Israel soccer match that ended in a memorable 5:0 defeat.

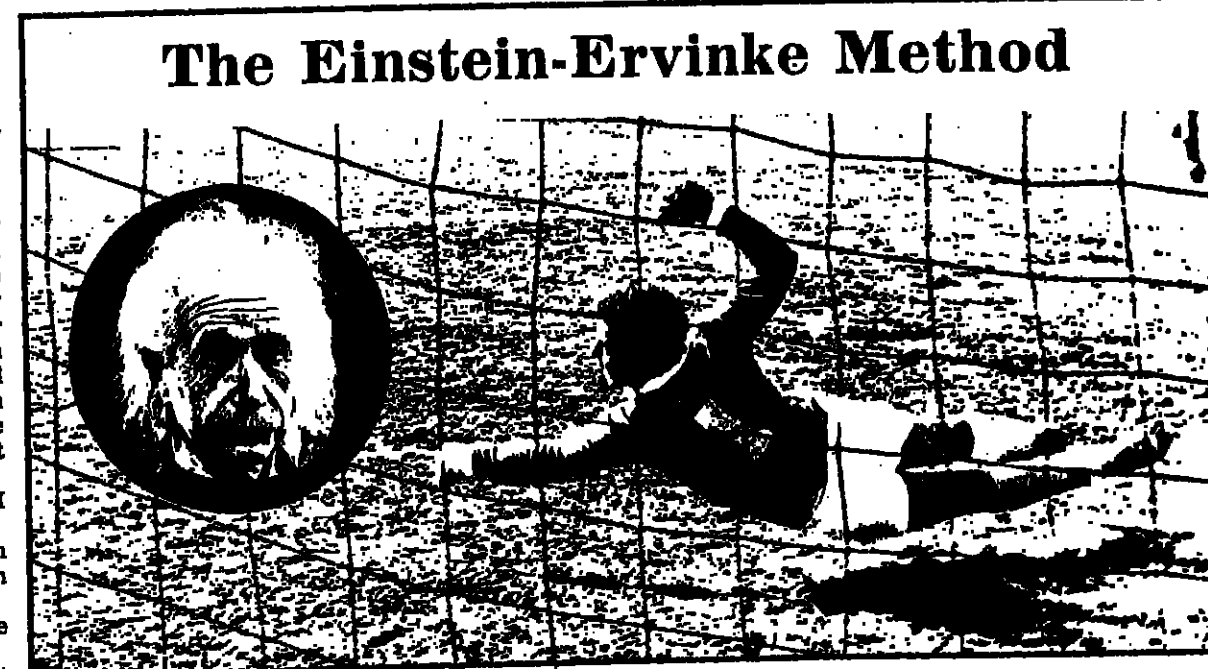
Up to the 23rd minute we had been sitting in the top tier of the stadium, Ervinke and I, biting our nails to the quick as we followed the massacre below. Those Balkan devils in their yellow shirts were waltzing past our defence with a breezy smile on their lips, making our white-clad boys look like the village team on its off-day. The air was heavy, the crowd depressed, and I, patriot that I am, was ready to scream.

Then, in the 23rd minute, I suddenly hear Ervinke say: "You know what? From now on it'll be the Israelis who're in yellow."

"B-but," I stammered, "it's the Bulgarians."

"Just make up your mind it isn't," said my friend. "You can't tell the difference from this high up anyhow..."

When Ervinke tells you something, you'd do well to listen. I made a tremendous effort of will and began watching the game from the novel viewpoint that those poor suckers in white were the Bulgarians. From then on I



loved every minute of it. Our yellow lads were making mincemeat of the white defence, one brilliant shot followed another, and by the time the whistle blew we had knocked five goals into the net of those *shlemiels*. "See?" said Ervinke as we streamed out of the stadium in

Ephraim Kishon

high spirits. "Everything is relative."

I DARE SAY this is the first time that Einstein's theory of relativity has been applied for peaceful pur-

poses. I myself have certainly found peace of mind with it. In fact, the Einstein-Ervinke Method opens up great new prospects for anyone with the least bit of imagination.

The possibilities are endless. Say I'm watching some lousy movie, cursing myself for a waste

of good time, when all of a sudden I decide that this is 1917 — 80 years back, that is. Get the point? All at once this kinematographic picture becomes terrifically advanced and modern, even positively daring. It moves, it talks, it sings — and all in 1917!

Or say I switch on the radio and hear His Excellency the Minister speaking of Vision and Destiny and Girding our Loins for the Great Tasks Ahead. For a while I sit there squirming, but presently I remember the Method and press it into service.

From now on, I decide, this is parody.

And right away I settle down for an hour's pleasant entertainment. Isn't it a scream, the way this guy on the radio parodies the stupid ranting of the typical party-politician! Just listen to the wind-bag spinning out a phrase! Fantastic! If you didn't know it was burlesque you'd swear it was the real thing. What an actor!

"See," Ervinke said the other day with a proud inventor's satisfaction, "one should never despair. It's all a matter of the right decision at the right moment, as Emperor Titus said when the Jews captured Rome."

Translated by Miriam Arul. By arrangement with Ma'ariv.

RETURNING HOME to Israel after nine weeks in the United States is rather like re-entering the earth's atmosphere from outer space. Apart from the usual jet lag, the return to the normalcy of everyday Israeli life is further complicated this time by all the changes on the political and economic scene.

One must re-tune the ear not only to Hebrew, but to all those strange-sounding new phrases such as "Defence Minister Ezer Weizman" and "Finance Minister Simha Ehrlich." (Mr. Begin's U.S. trip served to acclimate our ears to his title.)

One must revert from dollars and cents to devalued *lira* and *agnunt*. Before I left for abroad, there were IL500 banknotes in circulation, but I declined them as "too big to be useful"; this is no longer so. Of course, I read abroad of the mini-devaluations and the changes in subsidized food prices — but the realities of the corner *makolet* are still hard to grasp.

Before I re-enter the Israeli shopping scene fully, I would like to reply to readers about a criticism expressed by one of them — but perhaps harboured by many more. The critic contended that I had been unfair throughout the summer in comparing U.S. prices to Israeli ones at the approximate official exchange rate of IL10 to the dollar, when there is a great disparity between what the Israeli and his American counterpart can earn.

There is much truth in this — and I mentioned it in my reports — but on the other hand, there is no clear yardstick for comparing earning power and buying power. It is not sufficient to calculate how many hours of work it takes an average wage-earner to buy a pair of average shoes, because there are so many variables in wage scales, fringe benefits, social services provided by the community, and so forth.

SINCE MY RETURN, I have been questioned many times about the comparative prices in Israel and the U.S. There are several general observations that stand out from my summer's visit.

Without a doubt, electrical appliances, motor vehicles, and most other "hard goods" cost considerably more in Israel than in the U.S., often several times as much. Housing costs are a greater burden in Israel because mortgages are so hard to come by, and there is little rental housing available. Services — whether dry-cleaning or teeth-cleaning — still cost less in Israel than in the U.S.

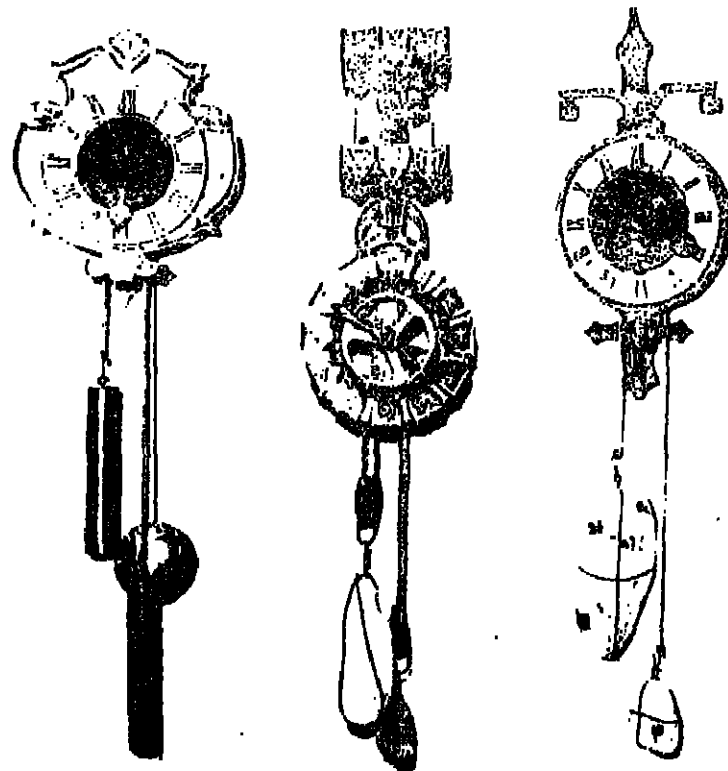
In clothing, there are more bargains in the U.S. than in Israel, although we are a major textile-producing country. Our subsidized foods and fresh fruits and vegetables are still cheaper than the same items in the U.S., but other foods — including meat and chicken — are about the same.

Again, all this means — as my correspondent correctly pointed out — that the relative cost of almost everything to the Israeli consumer is higher, because he is earning less. The trouble is, with the world becoming one big marketplace, it is almost inevitable that one compares prices in different countries in terms of the official exchange rates.

WITH ISRAEL'S gradual entry into the European Common Market, we will become increasingly more influenced by the prices abroad.

But sometimes prices of imports here go far beyond a computation

RE-ENTRY PAINS



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

of the price abroad, plus shipping, plus high customs duties — and my assumption is that the importers, wholesalers and retailers are taking much too high a profit.

Did you know, for instance, that a General Electric toaster-oven which sells for IL1,300 on Rehov Dizengoff costs less than \$40 (under IL400) in New York City?

And why should major brand-name cosmetics made under license in Israel, with lower-paid Israeli labour, cost more than the same products of the same brands in the U.S. — where workers earn higher wages?

There are two sides to the cost/wage problem. One, as I have just suggested, would be a re-evaluation of the prices of certain categories of goods in Israel, to see whether they must come from abroad or can be made here cheaper; and, if they must be imported, whether the customs duties and the agents' profits are reasonable in a country which does not want its citizenry to depart in search of an easier life abroad.

The other side of the coin, of course, is the aspiration for higher wages in Israel — for a more realistic wage-scale, combined with the necessity that workers be more productive. If this should come about, as it has in the successful industrialized countries of the West, the corollary will be higher-priced manual services in relation to the cost of appliances and other goods. When that happens, there is a trend toward consumers doing more things for themselves — more do-it-yourself household repairs, more home hairdressing, less domestic cleaning help.

In the U.S., for instance, I know far more women who colour their own hair at home, or leave it grey, than I do in Israel, where going to the hairdresser regularly is part of many women's routines.

TRENDS SEEM to be changing here too. It was an interesting coincidence that the first event to

which I was invited on my return was a do-it-yourself exhibition at B'nai B'rith House in Tel Aviv. My invitation was primarily to a press conference by Tagiv of Petah Tikva, which last winter began promoting its factory-made gypsum board walls — and has just come out with a do-it-yourself version.

The Tagiv product, suitable for interior walls in place of conventional concrete blocks and plaster with all the mess that entails, sold for IL140, a square metre including installation by the company's own technicians. That is now the price being charged for the new version, while the price for the original, put up by Tagiv's workmen, has gone up to IL240.

The boards are being made smaller for easier handling, and you can buy the exact number you need, along with the necessary wooden frames and top and bottom metal rails, and the special nails, tape and glue to finish off the job. A minimum of tools is required, and, of course, full instructions are supplied.

Tagiv estimates that it should take an amateur about eight hours, working with an assistant, to erect 10 to 12 square metres of wall, at a cost of about IL1,800. The same job done by a professional contractor using concrete blocks would cost about three times as much.

Tagiv has supply agents throughout the country. To find your nearest one, write to P.O.B. 141, Petah Tikva, or phone 08-817171.

I PAID a second visit to the do-it-yourself fair because of another item which caught my eye — assemble-them-yourself clocks. Clockmaking had always seemed to me a very skilled craft, the sort fathers passed down to their sons — and hardly the sort of job for amateurs. It seems I am behind the times. Not one but three different firms were offering do-it-yourself timepieces.

The most enticing by far were

the "Held" brand "medieval clock kits" imported from Germany — "made in the Black Forest where the industry first began," as the brochure reads. You can make yourself a wooden wheel clock (for IL1,485), a Gothic clock (only IL1,150), or an ultra-kitsch metallic Knight clock (IL1,070) which is based on "the flying pendulum principle patented in 1883."

This model carries the warning: "Construction tricky — not for the impatient"; but all the others can be successfully assembled in three hours by most any amateur. I was assured by the one of the young importers, Asher Diamant. His firm is called Shandy Agencies and is located at 70 Rehov Levinaky, Tel Aviv. The prices there are now 10 per cent more, plus VAT. For the timid, the firm will do the assembly job — for a 20 per cent surcharge.

One aspect of the do-it-yourself appeal, however, is ignored in these captivating clock kits — and that is the principle that do-it-yourself should be an economy. A clock at IL1,150 or more, plus tax, is hardly a bargain.

Fast breakers

CULINARY NOTES

Haim Shapiro

IN MY PARENTS' home it was usually customary to break the Yom Kippur fast with a little sweet wine and cake.

This is a fine symbolic way of breaking a fast, but it is not very practical. Far more reasonable is the practice of some friends of mine who have pickled herring and strong coffee. The coffee serves as a stimulant and the herring provides salt and makes one drink more water. Wine, on the other hand, only makes one drowsy. After a long fast, it can also make one drunk.

In any case, with Yom Kippur on Thursday, one still has plenty of time to prepare some pickled herring. This particular recipe is popular in Scandinavia. Readers who habitually use many spices will recognise its classic simplicity, which is typical of the Scandinavian approach.

BUY THREE or four schmaltz herrings and leave them overnight in a large container of cold water.

The next day remove the herrings from the water and cut off the heads. Pull the fish open with your fingers and remove the backbone together with the larger bones adhering to it. Leave the skin intact, but chop off the fins. Cut the herrings crosswise into pieces of about two centimetres. Also thinly slice three or four large onions.

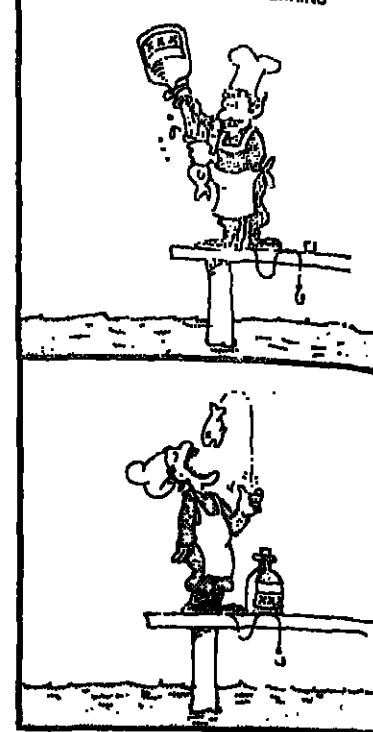
Carefully place the herrings and onions in alternating layers in a large jar. Cover with wine vinegar to which you have added a quarter of a cup of sugar and an eighth of a cup of ground allspice.

Cover the jar and leave in the refrigerator for at least three days before eating.

While the best way of eating the fish after Yom Kippur is as they are on a piece of toast, at other times you may want to make them more interesting.

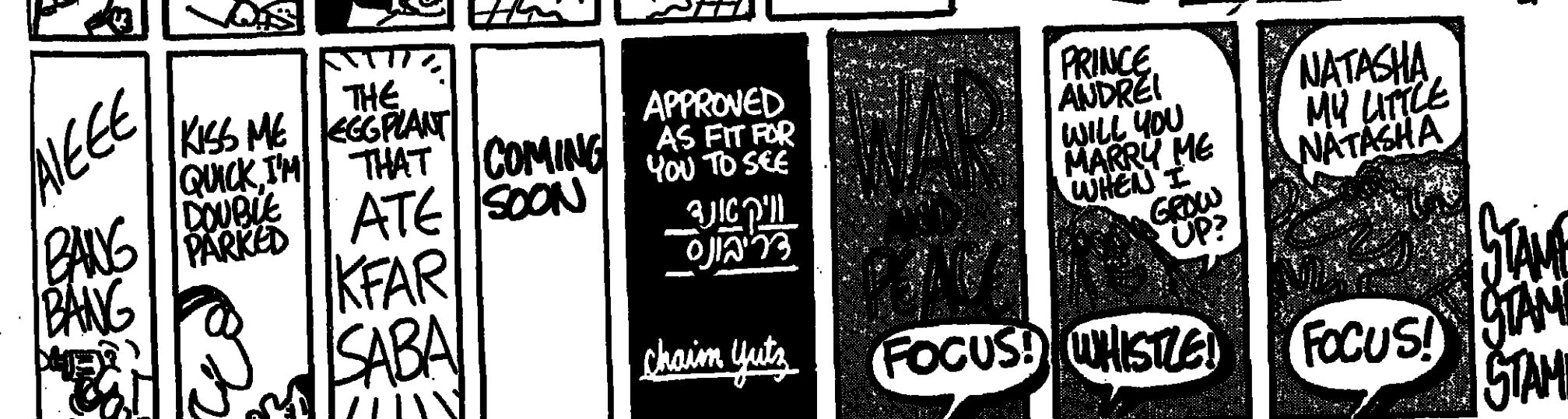
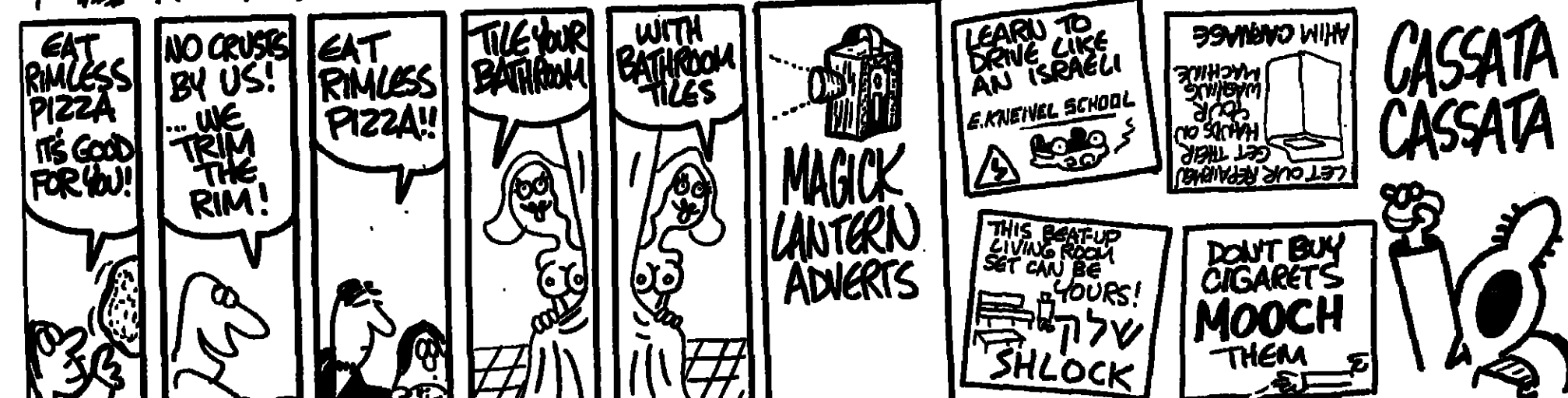
The easiest way is to drain off the vinegar mixture and leave for a few hours in sour cream or mayonnaise. □

HOW TO PICKLE HERRING



The Weekend Dry Bones

AT THE MOVIES



WITH THANKS TO LESLIE.